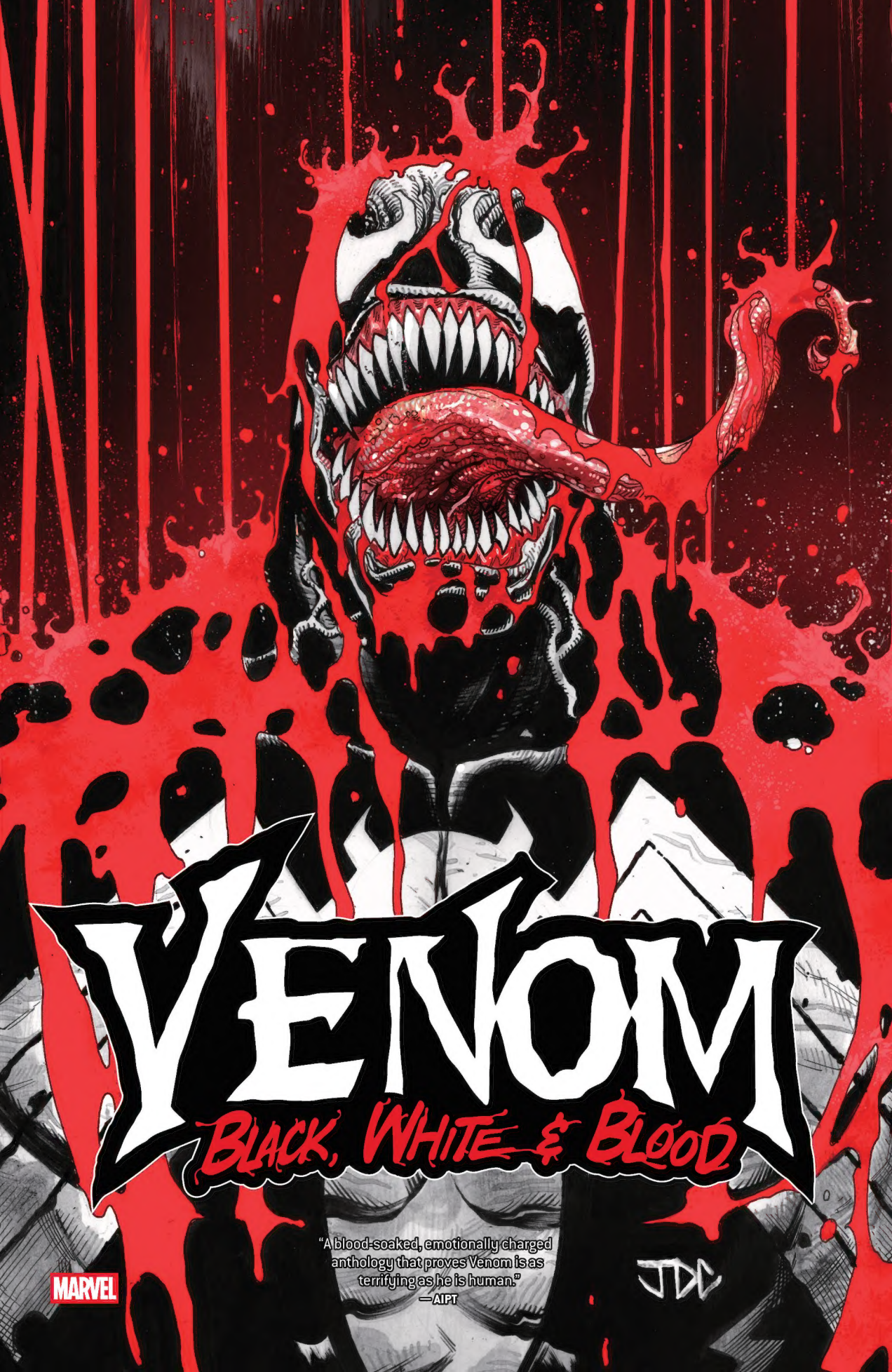
VENOM
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD
"A blood-soaked, emotionally charged anthology that proves Venom is as terrifying as he is human."
—AIPT
MARVEL
JDC

ACCLAIMED CREATORS TELL TALES OF VENOM FROM ACROSS THE SINISTER SYMBIOTE'S HISTORY — IN CRISP BLACK AND WHITE WITH BUCKETS OF BLOOD!

Venom co-creator David Michelinie teams with Jonas Scharf to take us to the jungle, where Venom stalks a vicious paramilitary science outfit bent on weaponizing Eddie Brock's other! In the aftermath of MAXIMUM CARNAGE, J.M. DeMatteis and Dave Wachter confront Eddie with a painful family matter — and a dark truth! David Dastmalchian teams with Philip Tan to at last reveal a foundational Venom adventure! Ryan North and Creees Lee put the "Lethal" in Lethal Protector as Venom helps a kid get revenge! The legendary Erik Larsen reveals an untold skirmish between Spider-Man and Venom from the early days of their rivalry! Karla Pacheco teams up with Pere Pérez to dive back into Eddie's secret-agent days! Tom Waltz and Brian Level pit fan-favorite former host "Flash" Thompson against the incendiary Jack O'Lantern! Chris Bachalo rings in the holiday season with Christmas in New York as only Venom could experience it! And that's just the tip of the symbiote tendril!

COLLECTING *VENOM: BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD (2025) #1-4* — BY DAVID MICHELINIE, RYAN NORTH, J.M. DEMATTEIS, ERIK LARSEN, KARLA PACHECO, TOM WALTZ, DAVID DASTMALCHIAN, CARL POTTS, TAKASHI OKAZAKI, CHRIS BACHALO, AL EWING, RICH DOUEK, JONAS SCHARF, CREEES LEE, DAVE WACHTER, PERE PÉREZ, BRIAN LEVEL, PHILIP TAN, DAMIAN COUCEIRO, KEI ZAMA, ROBERT GILL, JAIME MENDOZA, ANDRES MOSSA, LEE LOUGHRIDGE AND RACHELLE ROSENBERG.

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VENOM
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

VENOM
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

The mysterious mutant has gone by many names and lived many different lives. Many tales have been told of his exploits. Many more remain unsung. These are some of those untold tales. Some of his bloodiest battles from across the ages — raw and exposed for the first time. This is…

#1
"Force Majeure"
WRITER: David Michelinie
ARTIST: Jonas Scharf

"Sweet Will Be the Flower"
WRITER Ryan North
ARTIST Creees Lee
COLOR ARTIST Andres Mossa

"Fathers & Sons"
WRITER J.M. DeMatteis
ARTIST Dave Wachter

#2
"Convergence"
WRITER & ARTIST: Erik Larsen

"Venom Vice!"
WRITER Karla Pacheco
ARTIST Pere Pérez

"Hard Choices, Heavy Burdens"
WRITER Tom Waltz
ARTIST Brian Level
COLOR ARTIST Lee Loughridge

#3
"Stalker Syndrome"
WRITER David Dastmalchian
ARTIST Philip Tan
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"Toxic Relationship"
WRITER Carl Potts
ARTIST Damian Couceiro

"Ninja Venom"
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#4
"Black, White… And Blood"
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"Stuck On You"
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"Shiny"
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ASSISTANT EDITOR Drew Baumgartner
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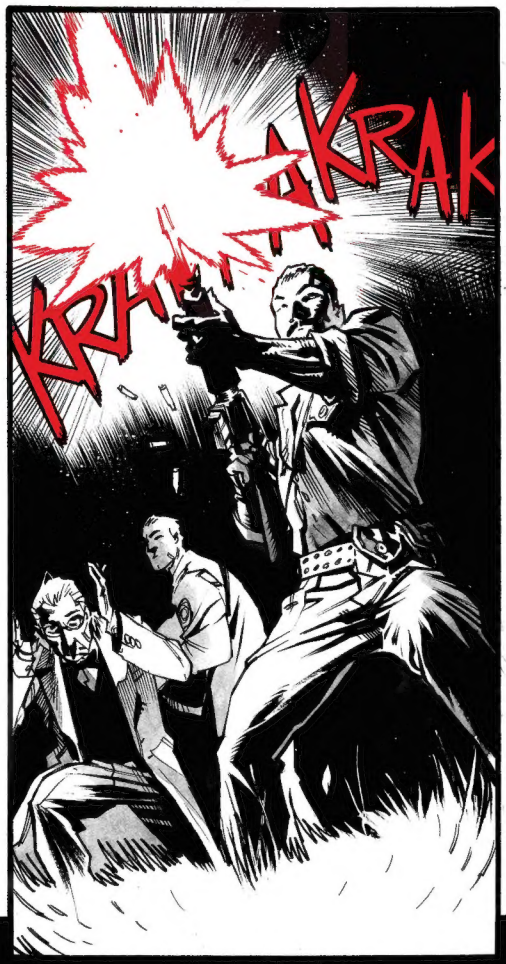
#1
Capullo
'24
fco

THE PENNSYLVANIA WOODLANDS, SOME YEARS AGO...
C'MON, JERRY, MOVE! QUIT LAGGIN'!
AW, GIMME A BREAK, AL. WE GOT A HEAD START, RIGHT? BESIDES, HE'S JUST ONE MAN!
YOU SAW WHAT HE DID TO THE OTHERS, MR. CLAY?
WELL, UH... YEAH.
THEN EVEN YOU MUST REALIZE HE'S NOT A MAN AT ALL.
HE IS A MONSTER!

I DUNNO, DOCTOR LANGSTON. I SAW SOMETHIN' 'BOUT HIM ON TV.
JUST SOME BIG LUG SHOWED UP A FEW WEEKS BACK WEARIN' AN OLD SPIDER-MAN COSTUME AN' ACTIN' MAD DOG CRAZY!
AH, BUT THAT'S THE KEY. MY SOURCES TELL ME IT ISN'T A COSTUME AT ALL, BUT A SENTIENT ALIEN BEING!
AND ITS HOST CAN APPARENTLY CONTROL IT.
EXACTLY HOW IS WHAT I SOUGHT TO STUDY. THE ANSWER WAS TO BE THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF MY--
SNAPT
--CAREER?


KRAK
KRA

STOP, YOU FOOL! YOU'VE JUST TOLD HIM WHERE WE ARE!

SURELY HE COULDN'T HAVE CAUGHT UP THIS SOON!
BESIDES, THESE WOODS ARE FULL OF WILD ANIMALS.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A DEER, A BEAR, PRACTICALLY--

--ANYTHING!

OKAY, DOC, BUT MY LEGS FEEL LIKE JELL-O.
I DON'T REST 'EM SOON, I'M GONNA HAVE TO CRAWL BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

OH, VERY WELL. BUT DON'T DAWDLE! WE HAVE TO STAY AT LEAST ONE STEP--

--AHEAD!

WHNGF!

CRRRACKLE
RUNCH

C-CAN I SHOOT NOW?
YES, YOU IDIOT, SHOOT!
KRAK
KRAKR
KRAKR
AND RUN!
"ON WRONGS SWIFT VENGEANCE WAITS."*
WHA--? OVER THERE!
KRAKRAK
*ALEXANDER POPE.
"REVENGE IS AN ACT OF PASSION; VENGEANCE OF JUSTICE."*
NO! THERE!
ZHZHZH
*SAMUEL JOHNSON.
"IF YOU WRONG US, SHALL WE NOT REVENGE?"*
IMPOSSIBLE! H-HE CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE!
*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
WE DON'T NEED TO BE EVERYWHERE--

--WHEN WE CAN BE ANYWHERE!
DOC! H-H-HELP--!
DON'T BE SUCH A NERVOUS NELLIE! NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE HE IS--
--WE CAN DISPOSE OF HIM PROPERLY!
W-WAITAMINIT! THAT SONIC CANNON WASN'T DESIGNED TO BE USED AGAINST--
--PEOPLE?

ZHZLAPSH
OH, DEAR LORD!
PLEASE! L-LEAVE ME ALONE!
I'M A GOOD MAN, YOU BRUTE!
I ONLY WANTED TO USE MY GENIUS TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE!
WHY DO YOU TORMENT ME SO?
IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S SIMPLY NOT--
-GASP!-

OH NO.
SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS IS YOUR CRIME.
"FOR THE GOOD OF ALL" IS YOUR EXCUSE!
Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!
OH, WE MORE THAN UNDERSTAND.
WE SAW!

"THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN MY 'OTHER' AND ME IS STILL NEW.
"WE WERE CARELESS, THEN CAPTURED.
"AND WOKE UP IN YOUR PRIVATE HELL.
EXIT

"WE WATCHED AS YOU EXPERIMENTED ON HOMELESS INNOCENTS, PLUCKED FROM THE STREETS BY YOUR HIRED LACKEYS...
"...AND INJECTED WITH THE HORROR OF INCURABLE DISEASES."

"YOU SPOKE OF ENDING ILLNESS, HOPED THAT LEARNING HOW MY 'OTHER' AND I INTERACTED WOULD ENABLE YOU TO CONTROL LETHAL PATHOGENS.
EXIT

"BUT EVEN AS YOU ORDERED THE SHRIVELED CORPSES CREMATED, YOU SPOKE MORE LOUDLY OF THE FAME THAT WOULD BE YOURS, OF THE AWARDS YOUR DISCOVERIES WOULD BRING.
"OUR RAGE GAVE US THE STRENGTH TO ESCAPE. YOU WILL NOT BE SO FORTUNATE!

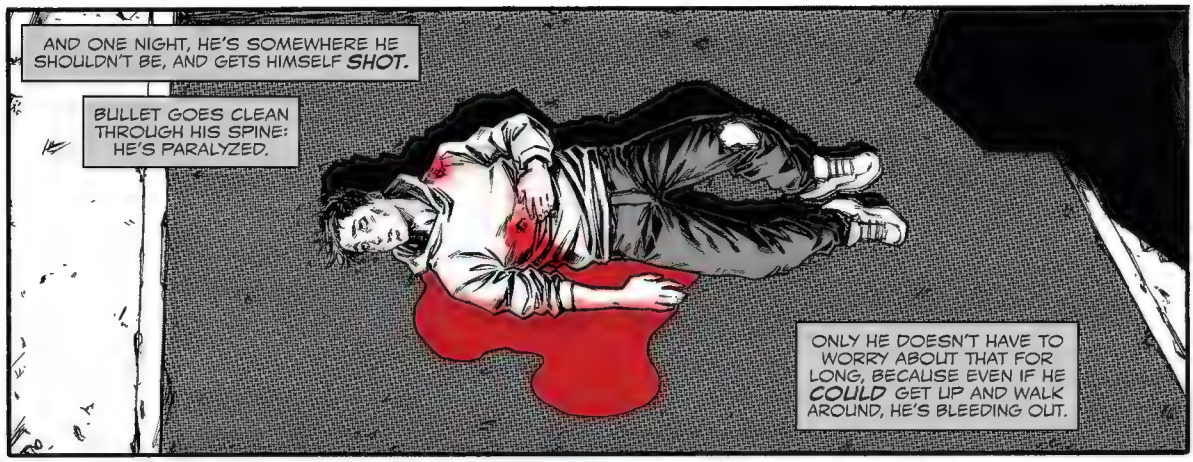
"YOU EVEN JUSTIFIED YOUR ATROCITIES WITH THAT TRITE ADAGE: ONE MUST BREAK SOME EGGS TO MAKE AN OMELET!'"

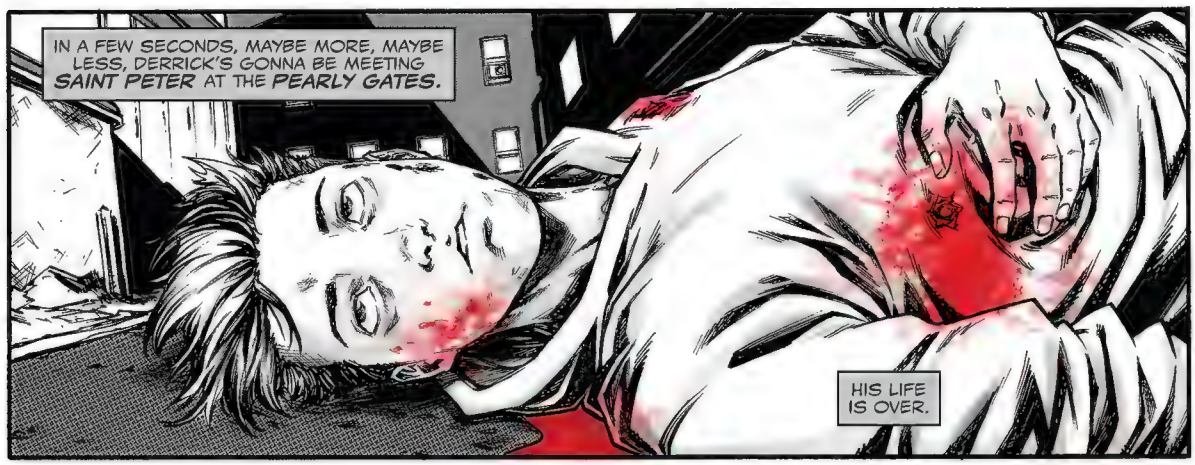
YOU ARGUE THAT THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS. BUT NOW, DOCTOR--

--THE MEANS HAVE JUSTIFIED YOUR END!

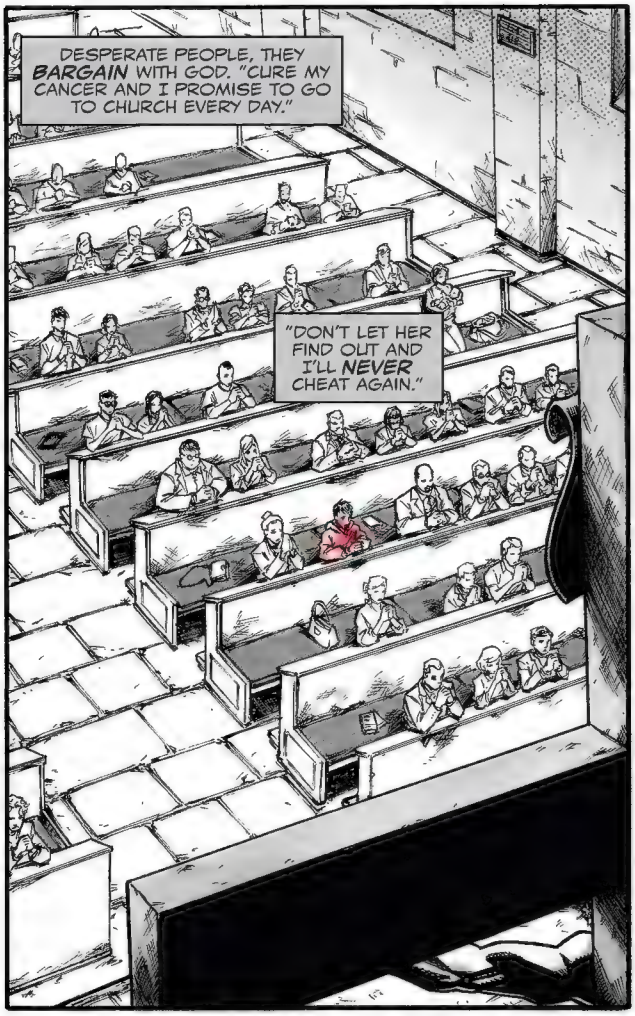
GHYAAA--
PLLLLLLIP
--YOU... Y-YOU SAVED ME? YOU DO UNDERSTAND!
WE'RE AFRAID YOU MISINTERPRET OUR MOTIVES, DOCTOR. WE MERELY WISHED TO SAY--
NOOOO--
--GOODBYE!
--OOOOOO--
--OOOOOO--
FORCE MAJEURE
DAVID MICHELINIE WRITER
JONAS SCHARF ARTIST
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER

SO BACK WHEN WE--WHEN I--WAS VENOM, THERE WAS THIS KID. DERRICK.
14 YEARS OLD, NO FRIENDS, NO FAMILY, RUNNING IN THE WRONG CROWD SINCE HE WAS SIX. NO ANGEL, BUT STILL A KID.
STILL AN INNOCENT.


AND ONE NIGHT, HE'S SOMEWHERE HE SHOULDN'T BE, AND GETS HIMSELF SHOT.
BULLET GOES CLEAN THROUGH HIS SPINE: HE'S PARALYZED.
ONLY HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT FOR LONG, BECAUSE EVEN IF HE COULD GET UP AND WALK AROUND, HE'S BLEEDING OUT.


IN A FEW SECONDS, MAYBE MORE, MAYBE LESS, DERRICK'S GONNA BE MEETING SAINT PETER AT THE PEARLY GATES.
HIS LIFE IS OVER.

AND HE IS JUST FURIOUS ABOUT IT.


DESPERATE PEOPLE, THEY BARGAIN WITH GOD. "CURE MY CANCER AND I PROMISE TO GO TO CHURCH EVERY DAY."
"DON'T LET HER FIND OUT AND I'LL NEVER CHEAT AGAIN."

BUT DERRICK KNOWS A HOSPITAL CAN'T SAVE HIM NOW. HE DOESN'T WANT FORGIVENESS, OR PEACE, OR EVEN LIFE.
DERRICK'S PRAYER IS SIMPLE.

HE PRAYS FOR REVENGE.

AND GOD MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.
SWEET WILL BE THE FLOWER
BY RYAN NORTH, CREES LEE, ANDRES MOSSA & VC'S CLAYTON COWLES

HE'S DYING, BUT CAN STILL TALK. WHISPERS WE CAN BARELY HEAR.

TURNS OUT, DERRICK, HE KNOWS US.
HEARD ALL ABOUT VENOM.

HE KNOWS THE SYMBIOTE'S POWER...

OUR STRENGTH...
OUR HUNGER...
OUR INVINCIBILITY...

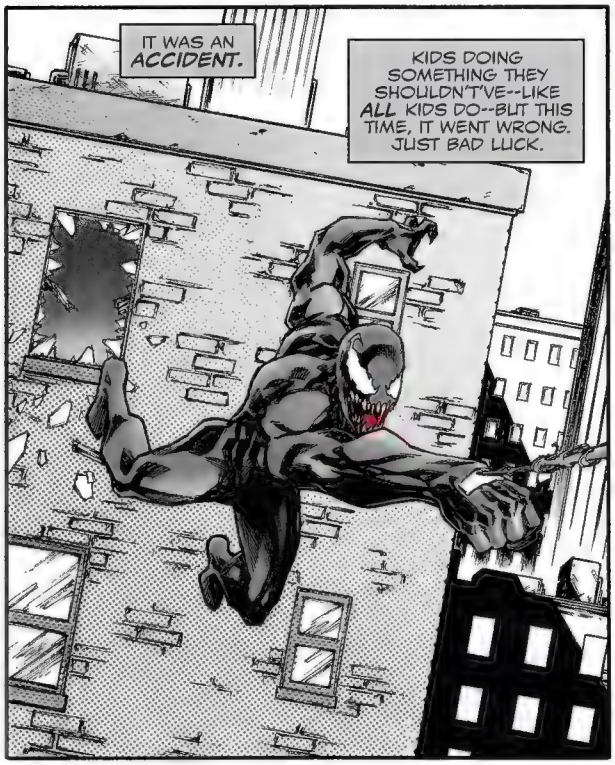
BANG
BANG
BANG
HE COULD DO IT TONIGHT, HE SAYS, IN WHATEVER TIME HE HAS LEFT.
ALL HE NEEDS IS THE SYMBIOTE...

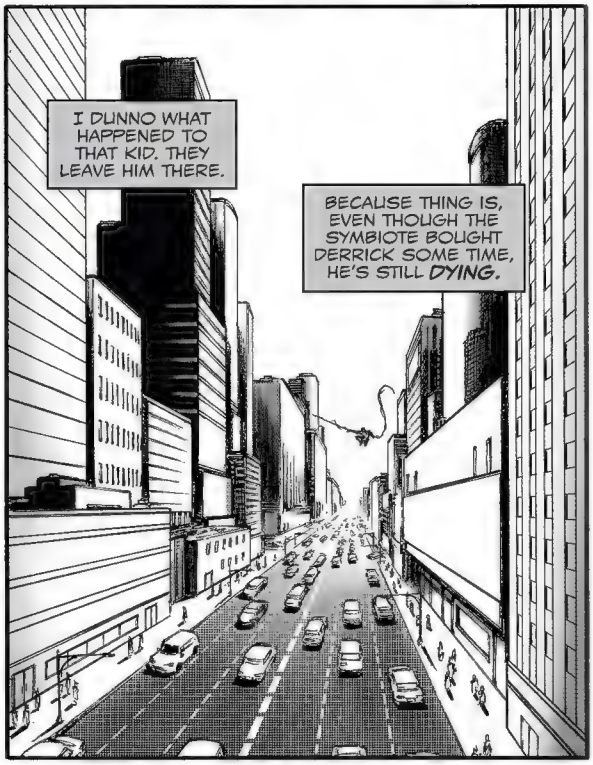
...AND HE CAN MAKE THINGS RIGHT.

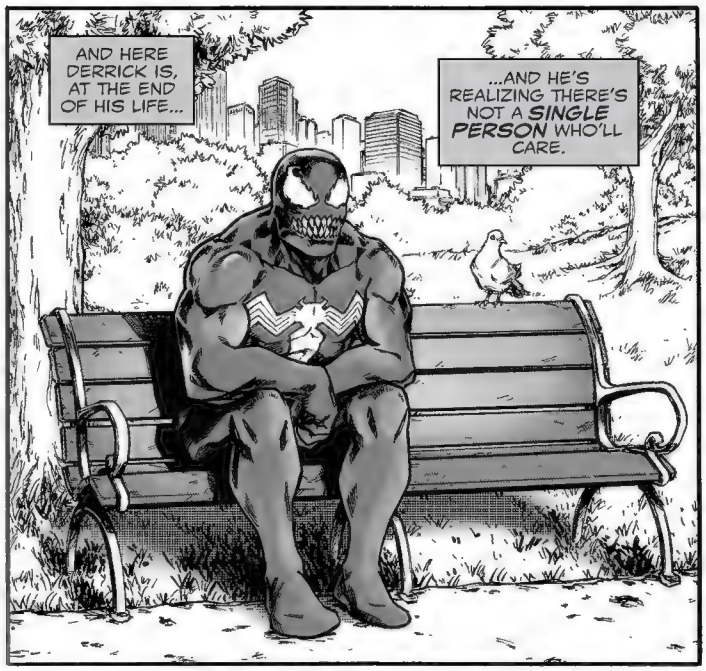
MY OTHER SAYS IT MIGHT BE ABLE TO KEEP DERRICK GOING FOR AN HOUR OR TWO.
PATCH UP HIS WOUNDS, BRIDGE HIS SPINE, RAISE HIS DOPAMINE. THE BONDING PROCESS...
...THE SYMBIOTE WANTS TO HELP. IT WANTS JUSTICE.
NOW, I WASN'T THERE FOR WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.
BUT I HEARD ABOUT IT LATER. WHEN WE RE-BONDED.
I KNOW DERRICK AND THE SYMBIOTE FIND THE KID WHO SHOT HIM.
NO PARENTS, NO SIBLINGS. NO INNOCENTS.
IT'S PERFECT.
AND AS THEY GET READY TO TEAR HIS HEAD FROM HIS BODY, THEY SEE...

...THIS KID WANTS IT. WELCOMES IT.
KID FEELS LIKE HE DESERVES IT.
HELL OF A THING. THIS KID--YOUNGER EVEN THAN DERRICK--DOESN'T WANT TO LIVE ANYMORE.
BECAUSE HE'D BEEN THREATENING DERRICK WITH A GUN, BUT JUST TO SCARE HIM. HE WASN'T GONNA DO ANYTHING...
...BUT IT WENT OFF...
...AND HE'D KILLED SOMEONE...
...AND GOOD PEOPLE DIDN'T DO THAT...
...AND HE'S A MURDERER NOW...
...AND NOBODY CAN FIX THAT...
...AND NOBODY CAN FORGIVE THAT.

...AND SOMEWHERE IN THERE, DERRICK REALIZES HE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE LIKE THIS. HE DOESN'T WANT TO TAKE SOMEONE WITH HIM.


IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
KIDS DOING SOMETHING THEY SHOULDN'T'VE--LIKE ALL KIDS DO--BUT THIS TIME, IT WENT WRONG. JUST BAD LUCK.


I DUNNO WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT KID. THEY LEAVE HIM THERE.
BECAUSE THING IS, EVEN THOUGH THE SYMBIOTE BOUGHT DERRICK SOME TIME, HE'S STILL DYING.


AND HERE DERRICK IS, AT THE END OF HIS LIFE...
...AND HE'S REALIZING THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PERSON WHO'LL CARE.

BUT THE SYMBIOTE TELLS HIM IT CARES. THAT IT'LL STAY WITH HIM UNTIL HE'S GONE.
I CATCH UP WITH THEM AS THE SUN COMES UP. DERRICK'S SLIPPING AWAY, HE--
OH, COME ON.
THIS IS #@&%!$@#&!

EXCUSE ME?
"I GAVE UP MY SYMBIOTE TO HELP A COMPLETE STRANGER! HE CHOSE FORGIVENESS, WHICH MEANS HUMANS ARE GOOD AND WE'RE ALL SAVED AND GOIN' TO HEAVEN!"
BALONEY. DIDN'T HAPPEN. YOU'RE LYIN', PAL.

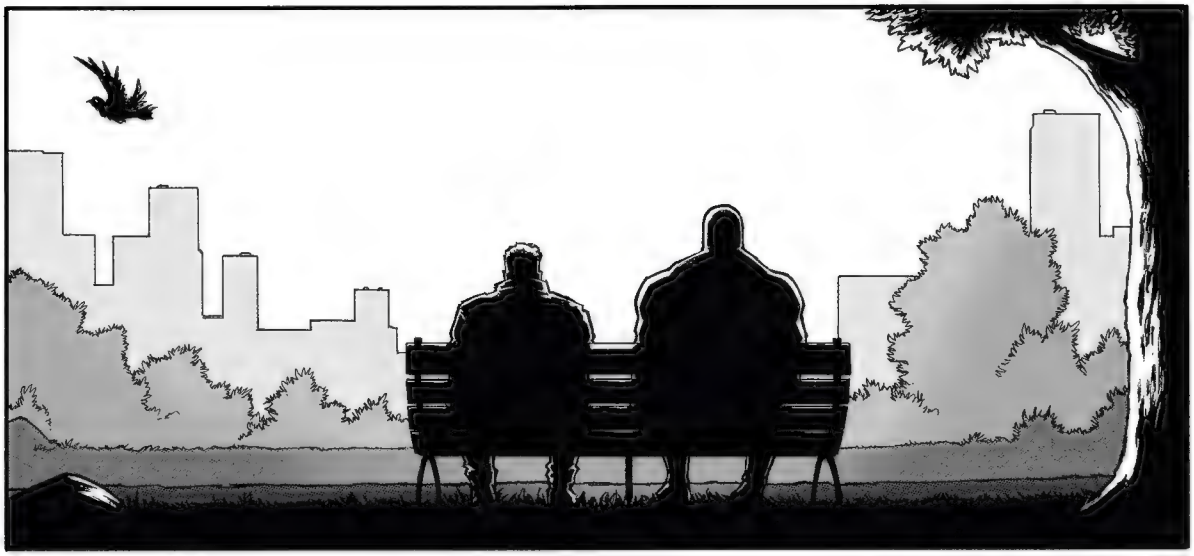
I'M--
EDDIE BROCK, MULTIPLE MURDERER, AND GOD'S PERFECT ANGEL? GIVE ME A BREAK.
YOU'RE TELLING ME ABOUT THE KIND OF PERSON YOU WISH YOU WERE, YOU #%@##% FAKER.

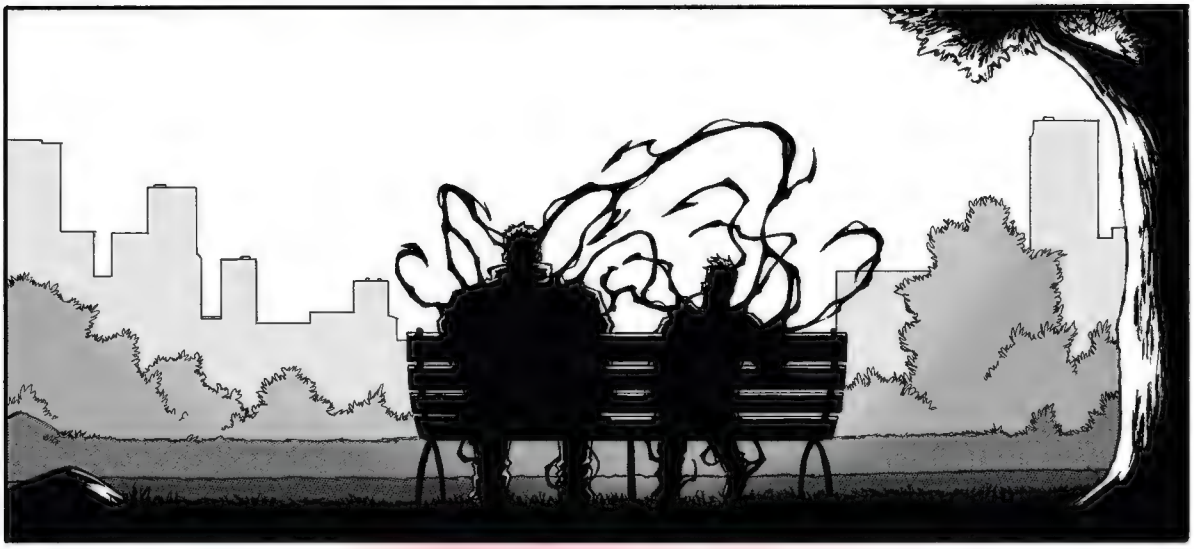
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED. DERRICK DIED IN THAT ALLEY, THEN YOU AN' THE SYMBIOTE WENT AND KILLED HIS SHOOTER BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT "LETHAL PROTECTORS" DO.
AND NOW YOU'RE ALL ALONE AND FEELIN' BOO-HOO ABOUT IT!
TELL ME I'M WRONG.

SPENDIN' ALL YOUR TIME READIN' YOUR BIBLE, REWRITIN' YOUR PAST TO MAKE YOURSELF FEEL BETTER, TRYING TO GET ME TO SIGN OFF ON IT.
WE'RE BOTH KILLERS, EDDIE. ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AN' ME IS I LIKE WHO I AM.
I'M NOTHING LIKE YOU.
YOU GOT A FEW MORE NOTCHES IN YOUR BELT THAN ME, SURE. SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN LIKE THAT, CLETUS. IT DIDN'T.
I'M A GOOD PERSON.

I'M A GOOD PERSON.
THE HOLY BIBLE





I'M A GOOD PERSON.
THE END.

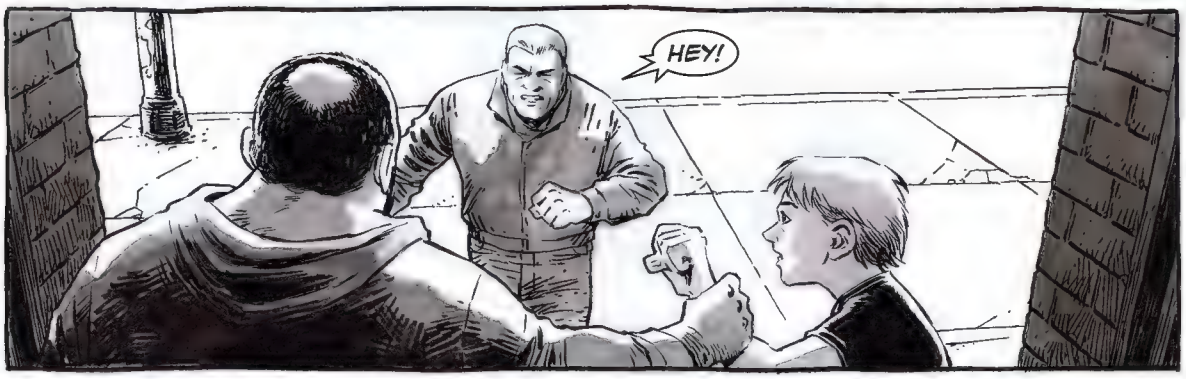
WE'VE KNOWN MADNESS IN OUR TIME--BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS.
"MAXIMUM CARNAGE" THE NEWSPAPERS CALLED IT: A PARADE OF BLOODTHIRSTY ANIMALS...
...WHO TURNED NEW YORK INTO A WAR ZONE--LEAVING DEATH AND SORROW IN THEIR WAKE.
THEY IMAGINED THEMSELVES TO BE A FAMILY--AS SICK AND DYSFUNCTIONAL A BROOD AS GOD EVER MADE.
SOMEONE HAD TO STOP THEIR RAMPAGE. AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT...
...WAS TO STOP THE DEMENTED "FATHER" WHO RULED THEM WITH A FIRM AND BLOODY HAND:
CARNAGE.
AND GUESS WHAT?
WE WERE THAT SOMEONE.
FATHERS & SONS
J.M. DEMATTEIS WRITER
DAVE WACHTER ARTIST
V.C.'S CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER

OH, SURE, THERE WERE OTHERS ON THE FRONT LINES. EVERYONE FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA TO THAT GLORY HOG, SPIDER-MAN.
BUT WE'RE THE ONES WHO CAME THROUGH IN THE END. WHO STOPPED CLETUS KASADY IN HIS TRACKS.
DANGER
AND NEARLY DIED IN THE PROCESS.
DAILY BUGLE
THE CARNAGE IS OVER!
AND NOW LOOK: THE WHOLE CITY'S CELEBRATING. IT'S ONE MASSIVE BLOCK PARTY.
AND DO ANY OF THEM EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE US?

NO. WE DARE NOT SHOW OUR FACE. THEY ALL THINK WE'RE JUST AS TWISTED, AS DERANGED, AS KASADY AND HIS FAMILY OF LUNATICS.
WELL, LET THEM THINK WHATEVER THE HELL THEY WANT. WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE. WHO WE ARE.
EDDIE BROCK. VENOM. A HERO. A--

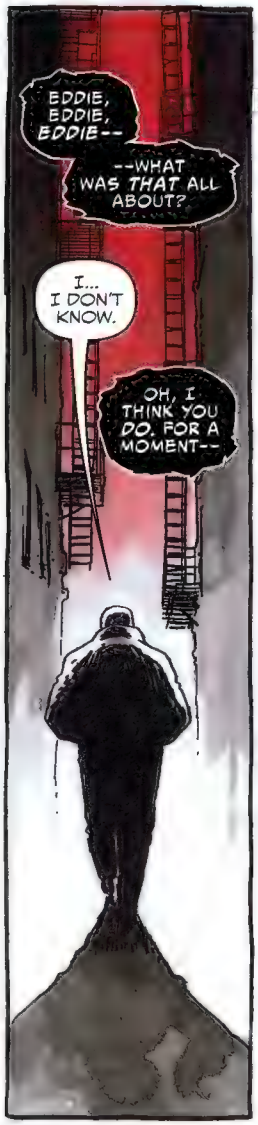
LEMME GO!
I TOLD YOU TO BE HOME AT FOUR, CHARLIE--AND IT'S FIVE FREAKIN' THIRTY!

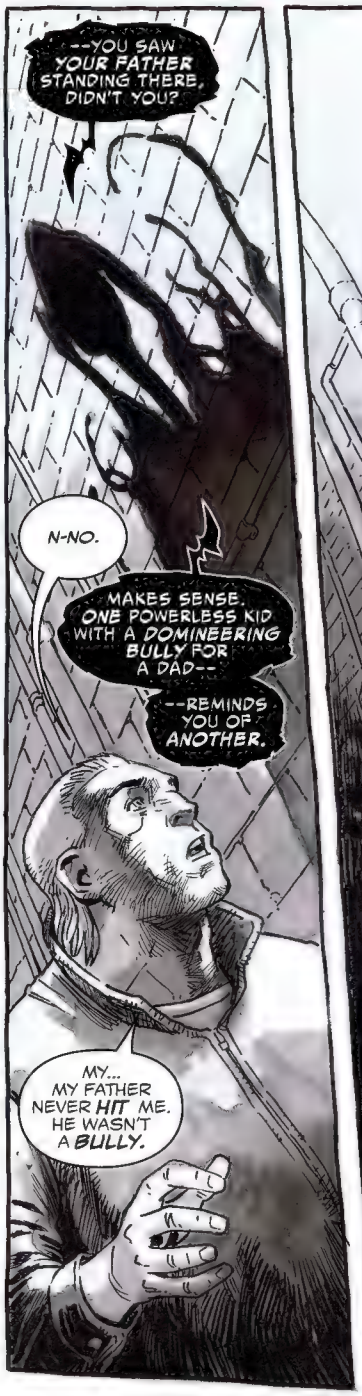
YOU'RE HURTING ME!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HURT IS! NOW GET YOUR BUTT UPSTAIRS BEFORE--

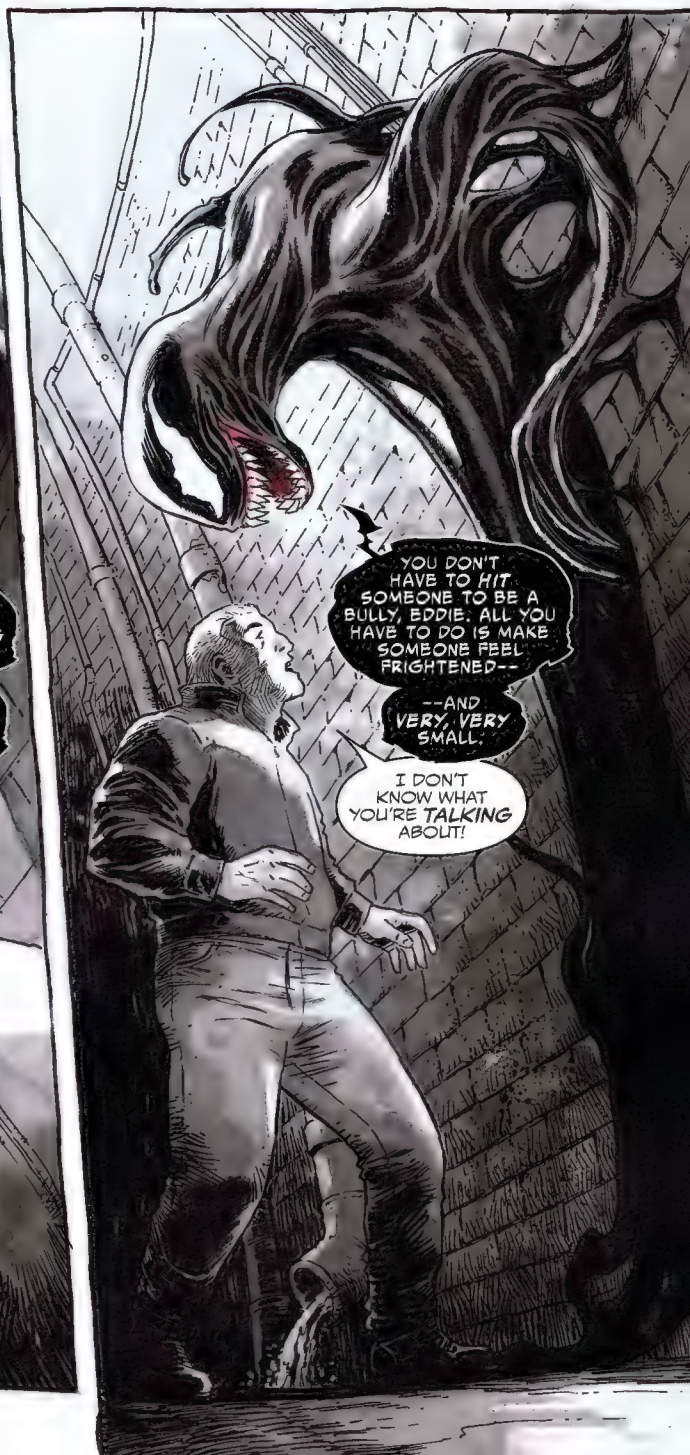

HEY!

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?

NOTHING.


EDDIE, EDDIE, EDDIE--
--WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
I... I DON'T KNOW.
OH, I THINK YOU DO. FOR A MOMENT--


--YOU SAW YOUR FATHER STANDING THERE, DIDN'T YOU?
N-NO.
MAKES SENSE. ONE POWERLESS KID WITH A DOMINEERING BULLY FOR A DAD--
--REMINDS YOU OF ANOTHER.
MY... MY FATHER NEVER HIT ME. HE WASN'T A BULLY.


YOU DON'T HAVE TO HIT SOMEONE TO BE A BULLY, EDDIE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MAKE SOMEONE FEEL FRIGHTENED--
--AND VERY, VERY SMALL.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

KASADY BUILT A DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY OF PSYCHOPATHS AROUND HIM.
DADDY CARNAGE, MOMMY SHRIEK--
--AND THEIR UNHINGED OFFSPRING.
THAT TWEAKED YOU, DIDN'T IT? STIRRED UP SOME NASTY SHADOWS IN YOUR UNCONSCIOUS.
GOT YOU THINKING ABOUT YOUR OWN FAMILY, AND THEN--
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
ISN'T IT...?
OH, CARL...CARL, IT HURTS!
IT HURTS SO MUCH!
...IT...
HELL OF A WAY TO COME INTO THE WORLD--
--MURDERING YOUR OWN MOTHER.
HOW...HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? YOU CAN'T BLAME AN INFANT FOR--
WHY NOT?
YOUR FATHER DID.

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO SAY IT OUT LOUD, BUT IT WAS ALWAYS THERE--IN HIS EYES. THE TONE OF HIS VOICE.
IN THE WAY HE TREATED YOU--
--EVERY SECOND OF EVERY MINUTE--
--OF EVERY DAY.
OH, HE DID WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE. PUT A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD. KEPT YOU FED.
BUT THAT DIDN'T MAKE HIM A FATHER. AND IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T MAKE YOU--
--A SON.
NO, YOU WERE NOTHING TO CARL BUT A LIVING, BREATHING REMINDER OF HIS PAIN AND LOSS.
AND HE LOATHED YOU.
NO! MY... MY FATHER LOVED ME!
SURE, HE WAS TOUGH. HE HAD TO BE. I WAS A WILD KID. I WAS--
YOU WERE WHAT?
A CONSTANT DISAPPOINTMENT?
A WORTHLESS WASTE OF A HUMAN BEING?

A MURDERER?
STOP SAYING THAT!
RAAK
EDDIE... THE TWO OF US... WE'RE BONDED. OUR MINDS ARE ONE.
IF I'M SAYING YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR MOTHER'S DEATH, IT'S NOT BECAUSE I BELIEVE IT--
--IT'S BECAUSE YOU DO. THESE WORDS...THEY'RE NOT COMING FROM ME--
--THEY'RE BORN OF YOUR OWN SHAME AND GUILT.
YOUR MOTHER'S DEATH...YOUR FATHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT. YOU EVEN BLAME YOURSELF FOR CARNAGE--
--AND ALL THE INNOCENT LIVES HE'S TAKEN!
OH, BUT THAT GUILT, EDDIE--
--IS A TERRIBLE THING.
A MONSTER.

AND IT WILL EAT YOU ALIVE.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT GUILT REALLY IS?
IT'S A WEAKNESS.
A FATAL FLAW.
AND I CAN'T ALLOW THAT.
YOU'RE MY WEAPON, EDDIE--THE BLADE IN MY HAND--AND I NEED YOU STRONG FOR MY WORK.
SO YOU HAVE TO PURGE THE GUILT.
YOU HAVE TO FIGHT IT.
SKUTCH
BRAPOW!

DESTROY IT.
IS IT GONE NOW? THE GUILT?
IF ONLY IT WERE SO EASY. BUT WE'VE MADE PROGRESS.
WE'VE SHARPENED THE BLADE.
AND NOW--
--LET'S USE IT!
KAASH
WE'VE ALREADY SLAIN ONE MONSTER TONIGHT. IS IT TIME, PERHAPS--

--TO SLAY ANOTHER?

NO! DON'T HURT HIM! DON'T HURT MY DAD--
--PLEASE!

BE BETTER.

OR WE'LL BE BACK.
OUR MIND IS THICK WITH VISIONS OF DEATH AND GUILT. FATHERS AND SONS. DESPAIR AND...
...HOPE?

WE GAVE THAT BOY AND HIS FATHER A SECOND CHANCE TONIGHT. MAYBE ONE DAY...
...WE'LL GET THAT CHANCE AS WELL.

END.

#2
JDC

CONVERGENCE

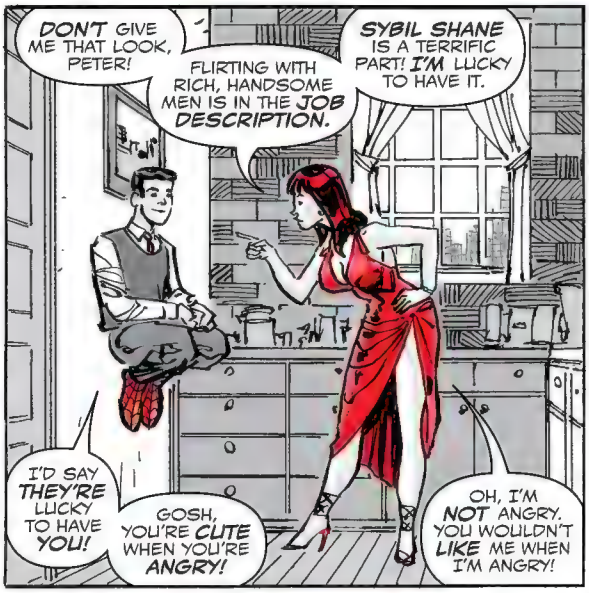
BY ERIK LARSEN

WITH VC'S CLAYTON COWLES LETTERS

OKAY-I AM BUYING YOU LUNCH, AND I'M NOT TAKING "NO" FOR AN ANSWER!
I AM NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT AGAIN!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU JUST LEFT LIKE THAT WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE.

WELL, TELL DR. REDFORD TO KEEP HIS GRUBBY MITTS TO HIMSELF!
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR MAN!
WHAT KIND OF A SEDUCTIVE MISTRESS WOULD I BE IF I DID THAT?

HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING OUT?
IT'S LIKE YOU WENT FROM TOPHER GRACE TO TOM HARDY!
I TRY TO STAY IN SHAPE.
YOU KNOW, I LEFT THE DAILY GLOBE AFTER BUSHKIN FIRED YOU.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE DID THAT!
HOW WERE YOU SUPPOSED TO KNOW MR. GREGG WAS A SERIAL CONFESSOR WHEN YOU WERE WRITING YOUR EXPOSÉ?


DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK, PETER!
FLIRTING WITH RICH, HANDSOME MEN IS IN THE JOB DESCRIPTION.
SYBIL SHANE IS A TERRIFIC PART! I'M LUCKY TO HAVE IT.
I'D SAY THEY'RE LUCKY TO HAVE YOU!
GOSH, YOU'RE CUTE WHEN YOU'RE ANGRY!
OH, I'M NOT ANGRY. YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY!

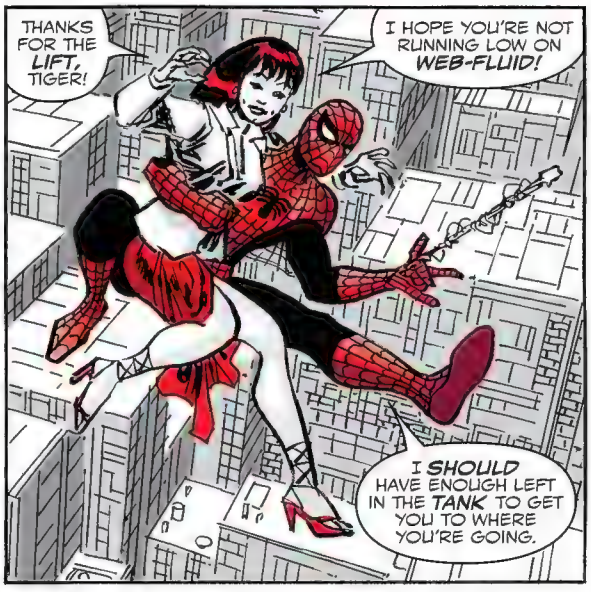
DON'T LAUGH, BUT I'M A BIG FAN OF SECRET HOSPITAL, AND THE CAST IS HAVING AN EVENT OUTSIDE OF MORTIMER'S.
OH YEAH?
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED.

I SHOULD BE GOING.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THERE A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE EVENT.
WISH ME LUCK!
BREAK A LEG!

I'M NOT EVEN FOLLOWING THE NEWS THESE DAYS. I GOT SO BURNED OUT WHEN I WAS AT THE GLOBE, AND AFTER SEEING WHAT THEY DID TO YOU--WELL, HOW COULD I?
I SHOULD BE GOING. THAT LINE IS STARTING TO GET CRAZY LONG.
BUT IT'S BEEN GREAT SEEING YOU AGAIN!
LIKEWISE.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOUR MEET-AND-GREET WAS AT 2:00. IT'S ALMOST 1:45.
OH, POOP! MY WATCH STOPPED!

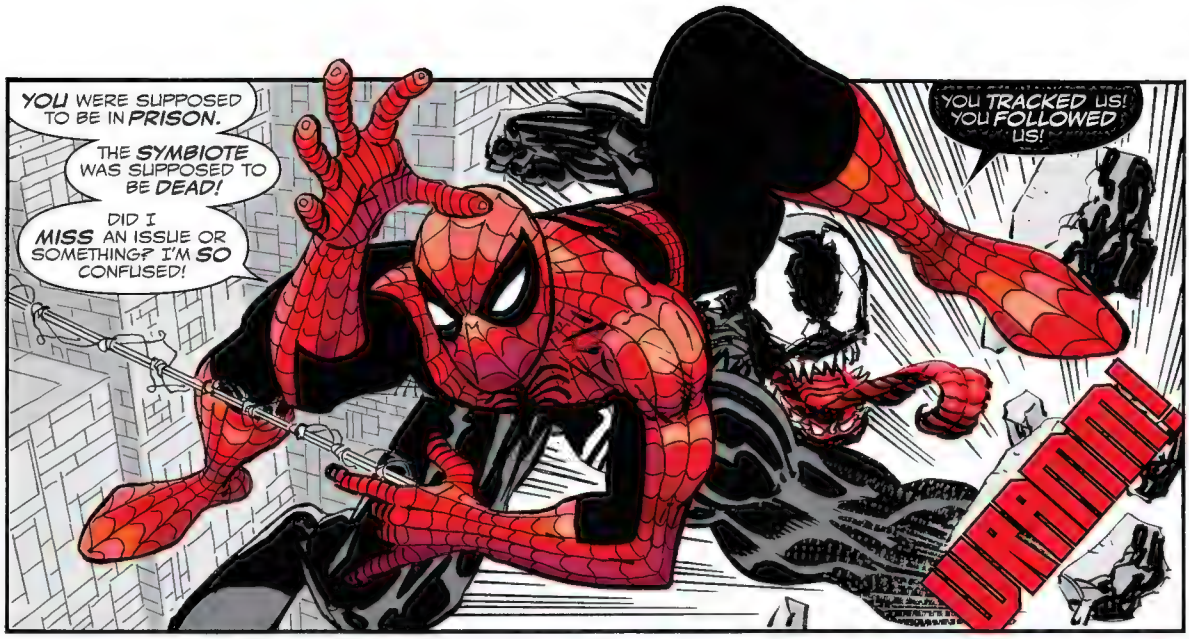
MMMMM! I DON'T EVER WANT TO LET YOU GO!
PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE NOT SEEING ANYBODY!
I'M... NOT REALLY, NO.


THANKS FOR THE LIFT, TIGER!
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT RUNNING LOW ON WEB-FLUID!
I SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH LEFT IN THE TANK TO GET YOU TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

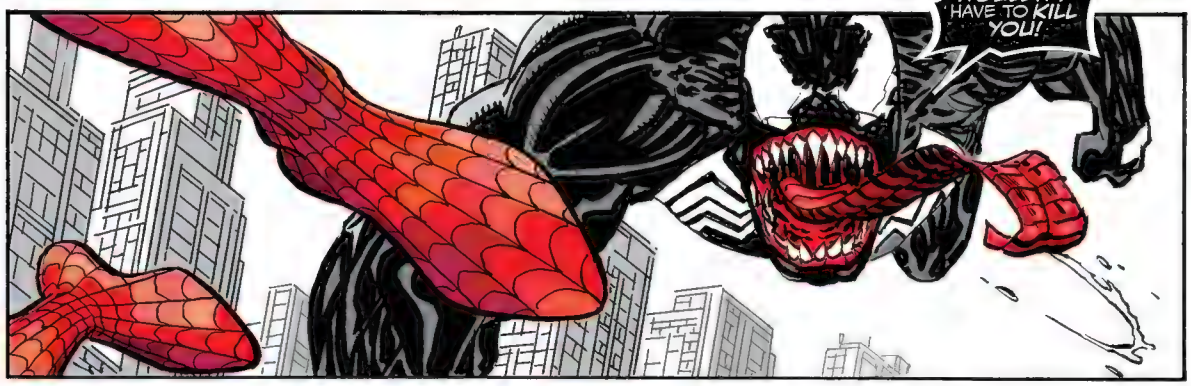
CALL ME.
PLEASE TELL ME THAT YOU'LL CALL ME!
I'LL CALL! I'LL CALL!
I'D BE CRAZY NOT TO CALL!

NOT HERE. NOT NOW.
WHY CAN'T HE LEAVE US ALONE?

SPIDER-MAN!
WE'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!
THIS TIME, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE!
THIS IS WHERE IT ALL ENDS!
NOTHING ESCAPES US, PARKER--
--NOTHING!
VENOM!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

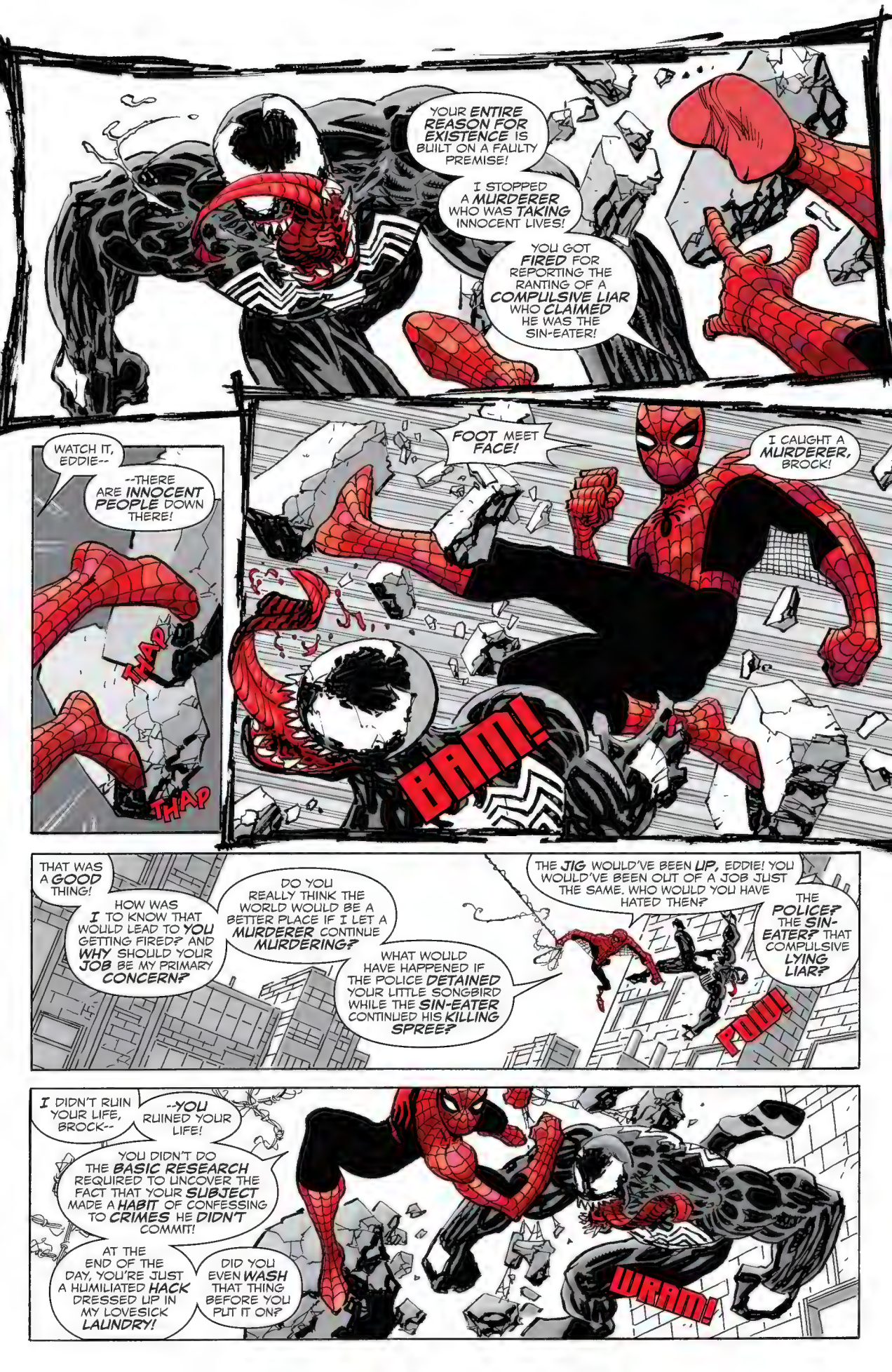

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN PRISON.
THE SYMBIOTE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!
DID I MISS AN ISSUE OR SOMETHING? I'M SO CONFUSED!
YOU TRACKED US! YOU FOLLOWED US!
WRAMM!

THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED AT ALL!
I'M PRETTY SURE I'D REMEMBER DOING THAT!
THAT DOES NOT SOUND LIKE SOMETHING I'D DO.
YOU RUINED OUR LIFE, PARKER!
IF YOU HADN'T CAUGHT THE SIN-EATER--NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

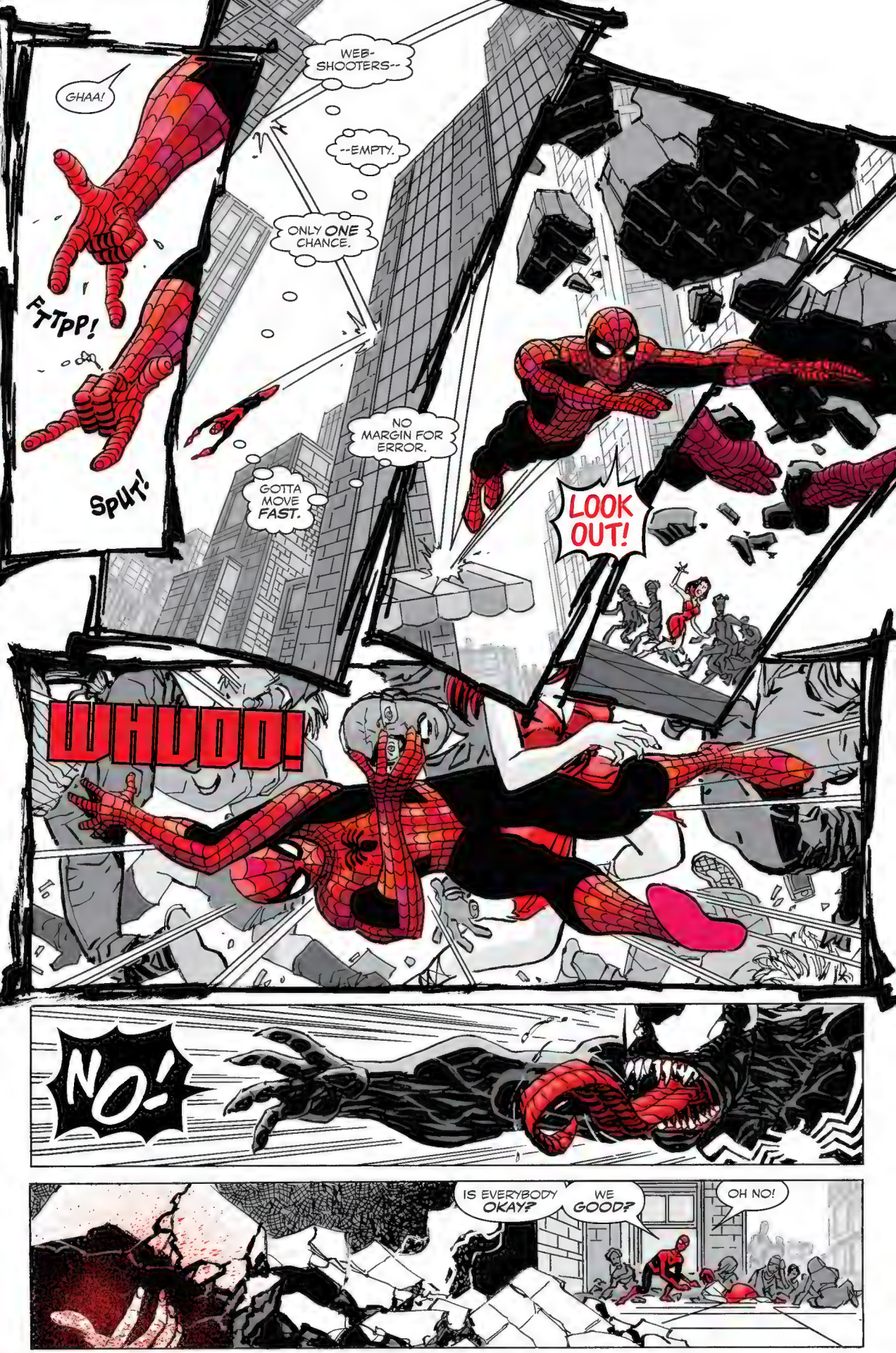

AND WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO KILL YOU!

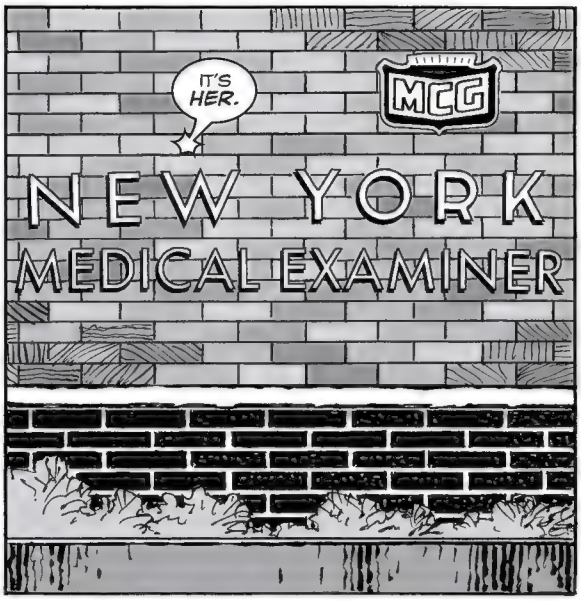
NOW HOLD ON ONE SECOND, BROCK--
YOU CAN'T TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS, PARKER!
THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU DIE!
THOOM!

CHOOM!
THRAKK!
YOU DESTROY INNOCENT LIVES, PARKER!
WE CHERISH INNOCENT LIVES!
YOU KNOW WHAT? NO.
YOU REALLY DON'T CARE ABOUT INNOCENT LIVES!
YOU ONLY CARE ABOUT YOURSELF!
THRA-KOOM!
SHUT UP AND DIE!
IF YOU ACTUALLY CARED ABOUT INNOCENT LIVES--
--YOU'D BE MAKING MORE OF AN EFFORT NOT TO DROP DEBRIS ON THE CROWD BELOW.


YOUR ENTIRE REASON FOR EXISTENCE IS BUILT ON A FAULTY PREMISE!
I STOPPED A MURDERER WHO WAS TAKING INNOCENT LIVES!
YOU GOT FIRED FOR REPORTING THE RANTING OF A COMPULSIVE LIAR WHO CLAIMED HE WAS THE SIN-EATER!
WATCH IT, EDDIE--
--THERE ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE DOWN THERE!
THAP
THAP
FOOT MEET FACE!
I CAUGHT A MURDERER, BROCK!
BAM!
THAT WAS A GOOD THING!
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT WOULD LEAD TO YOU GETTING FIRED? AND WHY SHOULD YOUR JOB BE MY PRIMARY CONCERN?
DO YOU REALLY THINK THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE IF I LET A MURDERER CONTINUE MURDERING?
WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THE POLICE DETAINED YOUR LITTLE SONGBIRD WHILE THE SIN-EATER CONTINUED HIS KILLING SPREE?
THE JIG WOULD'VE BEEN UP, EDDIE! YOU WOULD'VE BEEN OUT OF A JOB JUST THE SAME. WHO WOULD YOU HAVE HATED THEN?
THE POLICE? THE SIN-EATER? THAT COMPULSIVE LYING LIAR?
POW!
I DIDN'T RUIN YOUR LIFE, BROCK--
--YOU RUINED YOUR LIFE!
YOU DIDN'T DO THE BASIC RESEARCH REQUIRED TO UNCOVER THE FACT THAT YOUR SUBJECT MADE A HABIT OF CONFESSING TO CRIMES HE DIDN'T COMMIT!
AT THE END OF THE DAY, YOU'RE JUST A HUMILIATED HACK DRESSED UP IN MY LOVESICK LAUNDRY!
DID YOU EVEN WASH THAT THING BEFORE YOU PUT IT ON?
WRAM!

I'M SORRY--I ZONED OUT RIGHT AFTER THAT PART WHERE YOU SAID "HOLD ON ONE SECOND."
I'M JUST SO SCATTERBRAINED THESE DAYS. WHAT WAS I DOING? I CAME OVER HERE TO DO SOMETHING--
OH, THAT'S RIGHT--I WAS GOING--TO SQUASH YOU LIKE AN INSECT!
YOW!
THOOM!
OH NO!
NO, NO, NO, NO!
VENOM, WHAT DID YOU DO? YOU'RE GOING TO GET SOMEBODY KILLED--!


GHAA!
FTTPP!
SPLIT!
WEB-SHOOTERS--
--EMPTY.
ONLY ONE CHANCE.
NO MARGIN FOR ERROR.
GOTTA MOVE FAST.
LOOK OUT!
WHUDD!
NO!
IS EVERYBODY OKAY?
WE GOOD?
OH NO!


IT'S HER.
MCG
NEW YORK
MEDICAL EXAMINER

VENOM IS BACK!
HE'LL BE COMING AFTER ME, MJ--
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

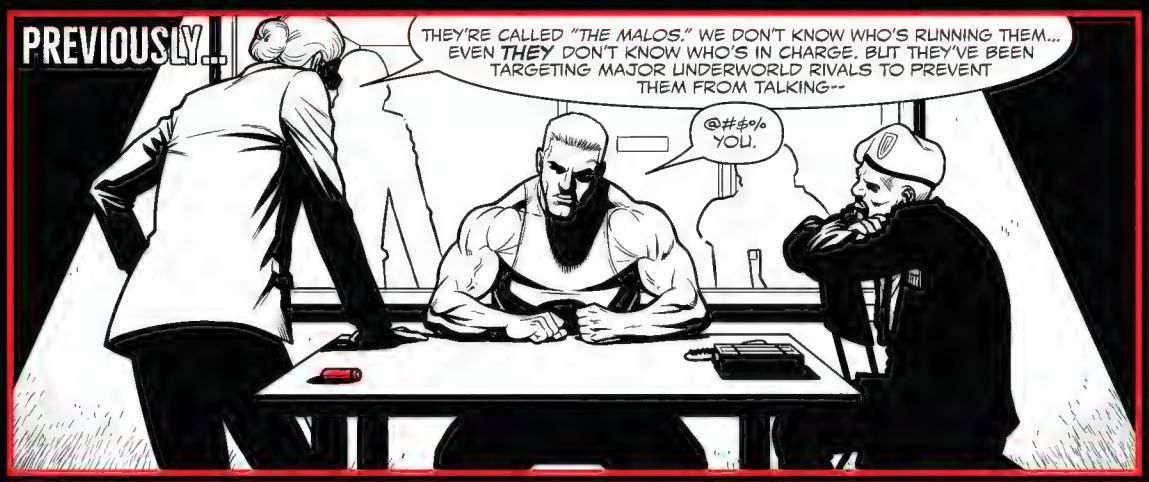
IT'S MINDY NEWMAN.
...IT'S MINDY...

--AND I CAN'T WATCH MY BACK IF I'M WATCHING OUT FOR YOU!
I JUST FEEL LIKE I'M ABANDONING YOU.
I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU.
I'M TRYING TO PROTECT YOU, MARY JANE.
BE CAREFUL. I LOVE YOU.

HE KILLED HER!
AND FOR THAT...
...SPIDER-MAN MUST DIE!

IT'S TIME.
IT'S TIME THAT I SETTLED THINGS WITH VENOM--
--ONCE AND FOR ALL!
CONTINUED...IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #346!

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED OF MURDER, EDDIE BROCK RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO WORK FOR A COVERT GOVERNMENT AGENCY TO AVOID A LIFE SENTENCE IN PRISON. FOR A TIME, HE USED THE POWERS OF THE SYMBIOTE TO FOIL INTERNATIONAL PLOTS AND CHAOS. BUT HE THOUGHT HIS TIME AS SECRET AGENT VENOM WAS OVER...
...TURNS OUT THE CLOCK WAS STILL TICKING...
GET READY FOR HIGH-OCTANE UNDERCOVER ACTION IN...
KARLA PACHECO writer
PERE PÉREZ artist
VC's CLAYTON COWLES letterer


PREVIOUSLY...
THEY'RE CALLED "THE MALOS." WE DON'T KNOW WHO'S RUNNING THEM... EVEN THEY DON'T KNOW WHO'S IN CHARGE. BUT THEY'VE BEEN TARGETING MAJOR UNDERWORLD RIVALS TO PREVENT THEM FROM TALKING--
@#$%% YOU.

IT'S A MUCH SIMPLER DESIGN THAN YOUR PREVIOUS TRANSMITTER. YOU CAN TALK TO US, WE CAN REPLY TO YOU AND--
I ALREADY PAID MY DEBT! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DONE WITH THIS UNDERCOVER @#$%!
YOU DONE WITH BREATHING, SON?

AT LEAST THIS ONE ISN'T A THERMITE DEVICE ABOUT TO GO OFF IN MY CHEST.*
OH, IT'LL ABSOLUTELY BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT THE SECOND YOU SCREW THIS UP AND COMPROMISE THE MISSION. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUSH THIS LITTLE BUTTON.
AND I CAN'T EXPRESS HOW MUCH I WANT TO PUSH THE LITTLE BUTTON, MR. BROCK.
@$%&, YOUR BUTTON, JONESY.
*IMPLANTED TO KEEP HIM UNDER CONTROL IN VENOM: LICENSE TO KILL #1! —MB

SECURE THE WITNESSES SO THEY'LL TALK. GET THE MALOS TO TAKE YOU TO THEIR BOSS SO HE CAN TALK.
AND FOR @#$%% SAKE, DO IT WITHOUT WAVING YOUR "LITTLE BUDDY" ALL OVER THE PLACE SO THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT A @#$%$@ FREAK YOU ARE.
WE THINK THEIR FIRST TARGET WILL BE A LOWLIFE NAMED--

ULYSSES X. LUGMAN ISN'T AFRAID OF YOUR $%#@&#@% BOSS!!!
GO TO HELL, MALOS!!!

AH, CRAP, THEY KILLED GARY. AT LEAST HE CAN'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THE SYMBIOTE, I GUESS.
WE HAD TO KEEP THE BULLETS OFF US SOMEHOW, EDDIE!
RTTATTATTATAA
RUN!!!
WHERE IS THAT FAT BASTARD???
SOUNDS LIKE A REAL BULLET PARTY UP THERE, BUT, OF COURSE, THEY DIDN'T LEAVE THE NEW GUY A ROPE. HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET UP THERE?
THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM, MISTER LUGMAN! WE GOTTA GET OFF THE BOAT!
I'M NOT GOING!!! I'M STAYING, AND I'M TAKING MY SHIP BACK FROM THESE BASTARDS!
I'M NOT GOING TO RUN AWAY LIKE SOME COWARD!
OH YES, YOU ARE!

LET'S GET YOU AND ALL YOUR PRETTY GIRLFRIENDS OUT OF THE WAY, SHALL WE? SOME NICE GOVERNMENT AGENTS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO RESCUE Y--
AHHH! WHAT IS THAT, MISTER LUGMAN???
SOME NEW MONSTROSITY THE MALOS COOKED UP! SCREW THOSE BASTARDS!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, MALOS!!!
WEEE'RE NNNOT TRYINGGG TOOO-- NNGHHH!
DAMMIT, THIS @#$%'S STRONG.
GLLRGLGGG!
WOULD YOU... STOP STRUGGLING??? I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!
HEY, NEW GUY, DID YOU FIND-- AHHHH!!!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU???
AH CRAP.
GOTTA KNOCK HIM OUT. CAN'T HAVE HIM SQUEALING TO THE OTHER MALOS WHO I REALLY--
KRNCH
UH-OH.
WHAT WAS THAT? I HEARD A BIG SNAP! DID YOU GET LUGMAN TO SAFETY???
IT'S FINE, JONESY! WE'RE ALL FINE! YOU CAN COME PICK UP SLUG NOW. HE'S JUST... SLEEPING! ABOVE THE FISHES!
...PROBABLY.
HUH. FAT DOES FLOAT!

THOSE BROADS STOLE MY BOAT.
HEY! I TOOK CARE OF YOUR FAT MAN FOR YOU. HE GOT RAMON THOUGH.
EH, IT HAPPENS. WHERE'S GARY?

OH, UH, HE WAS IN THE BOAT WHEN I LAST SAW HIM--GUESS THE BIKINI LADIES MUST HAVE TAKEN HIM WITH THEM.
HEH. CLASSIC GARY.
NO, I MEAN HE'S...NEVER MIND. SOOOO, WHEN DO I GET TO MEET THE BOSS?
LATER. GOTTA GET TO CRABAPPLE'S PLACE 'FORE THESE CHUMPS FIGURE OUT THE MALOS ARE COMING FOR 'EM.

LATER...
EDDIE, THIS IS AGENT SMITH. HORTENSE CRABAPPLE IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST PIMPS AND TRAFFICKERS IN SOUTH MIAMI, BUT SHE'S GOT DIRT ON THE MALOS THAT WE WANT.
WE'VE GOT A VEHICLE COMING TO MEET YOU BEHIND THE CLUB--TRY TO GET HER BACK THERE WITHOUT GETTING HER KILLED FIRST.
CRABBIE'S FISH&STRIP
LISTEN, IF WE ALL GO IN GUNS BLAZING, IT'LL BE A MADHOUSE AND SHE COULD GET AWAY.
I'M THE NEW GUY, SO SHE'S NOT GONNA RECOGNIZE ME, RIGHT?
I'LL TELL HER I'VE GOT A HOT NEW "ASSET" TO SELL THAT SHE NEEDS TO COME OUT HERE TO SEE.
HM...NOT A BAD IDEA. KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THOSE SWORDS OF HERS THOUGH. THEY AIN'T JUST FOR LOOKS, AND THE OLD SEA HAG GETS PRETTY STABBY.
I STILL GOTS THE SCAR FROM WHENS I ASKED HER FER A LAP DANCE.

WELCOME TO CRABBIE'S, SEA DOGS AND SIRENS. NEXT UP ON THE STAGE, PLEASE GIVE IT UP FOR PEGGGGYYYY!
HEY! I GOTTA GET ON STAGE--
HERE'S A MISTER LINCOLN TO GET YOU STARTED...IF YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HORTENSE.
WHAT NALITI BOY WANTS TO KNOW?
MA'AM, LISTEN. AT ANY MINUTE, THE MALOS ARE GONNA COME BURSTING THROUGH THAT DOOR TRYING TO KILL YOU. WE GOTTA GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
OH, REALLY? THEN BY ALL MEANS, LET'S GO.
HURRY UP! THERE'S A CAR COMING OUT BACK THAT WILL GET YOU TO SAFETY--
I'LL JUST BET THERE IS! YOU MALOS REALLY THINK I'M STUPID, DON'T YOU?
WELL, YOU'RE CLEARLY NOT MAKING SMART DECISIONS, STABBY!!!
WHY WON'T ANY OF YOU CRIMINAL @#$%& LISTEN TO US???

...I'M GONNA PUSH THE @#$%@#& BUTTON.

DON'T PUSH THE BUTTON! JUST GO! THEY DON'T SUSPECT ME, AND THEY STILL HAVE A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WHO ARE DEFINITELY GOING TO SQUEAL!
BROCK, YOU BASTARD!

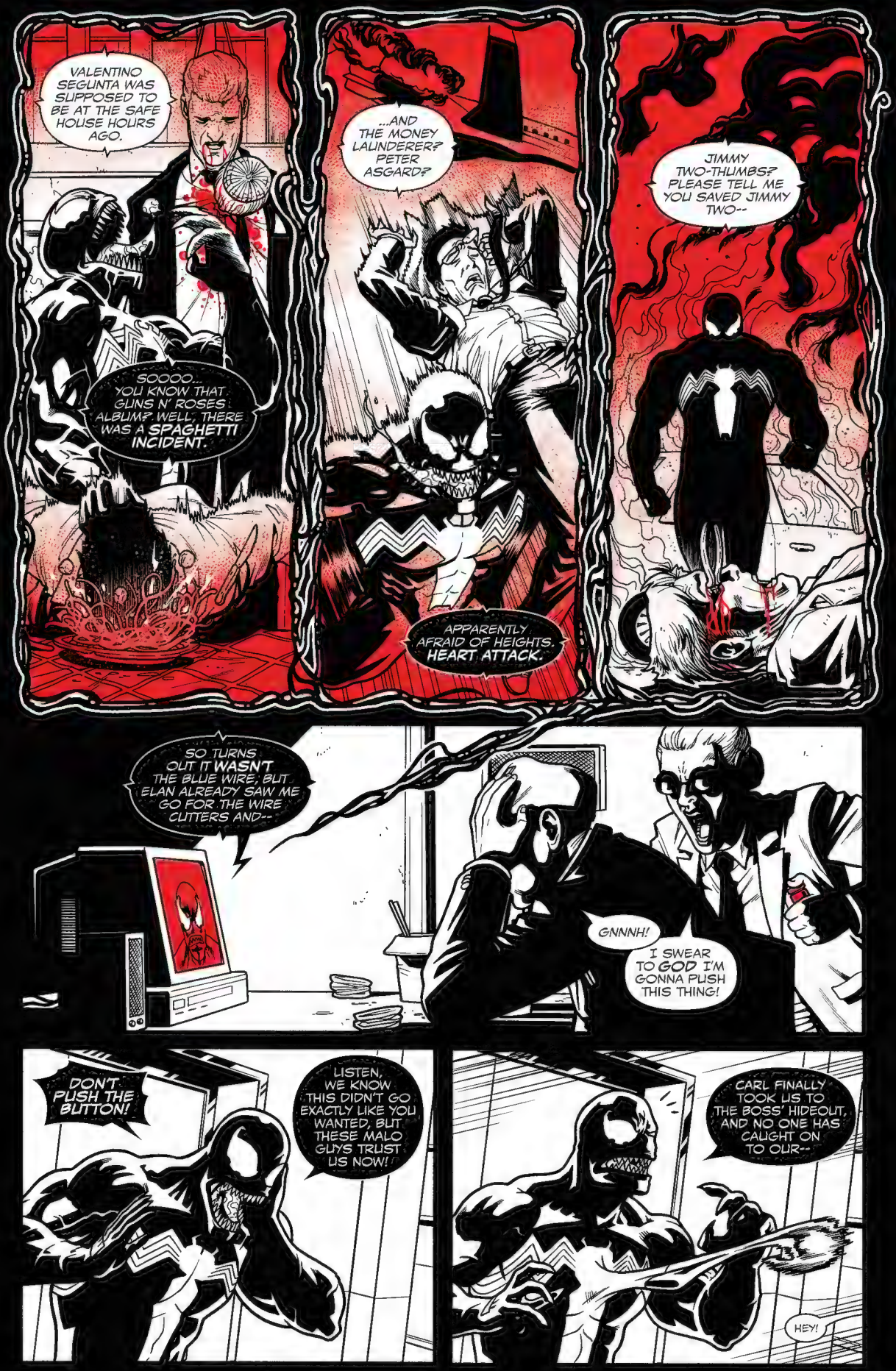
I KNEWS WE NEVER SHOULDA TRUSTED--WWHHHAATEVER THE HELL YOU ARE!!!

SLAM

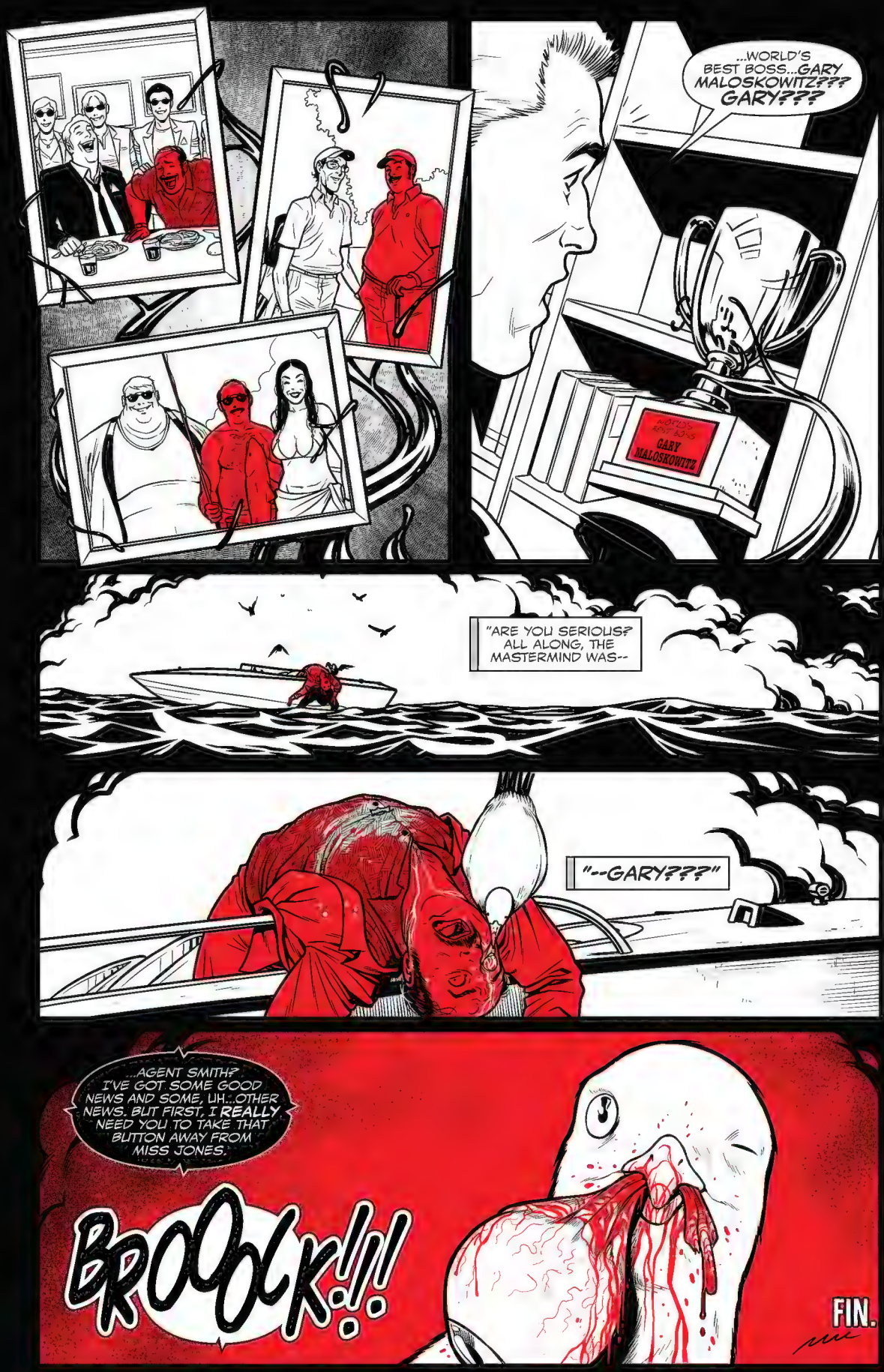
SLAM

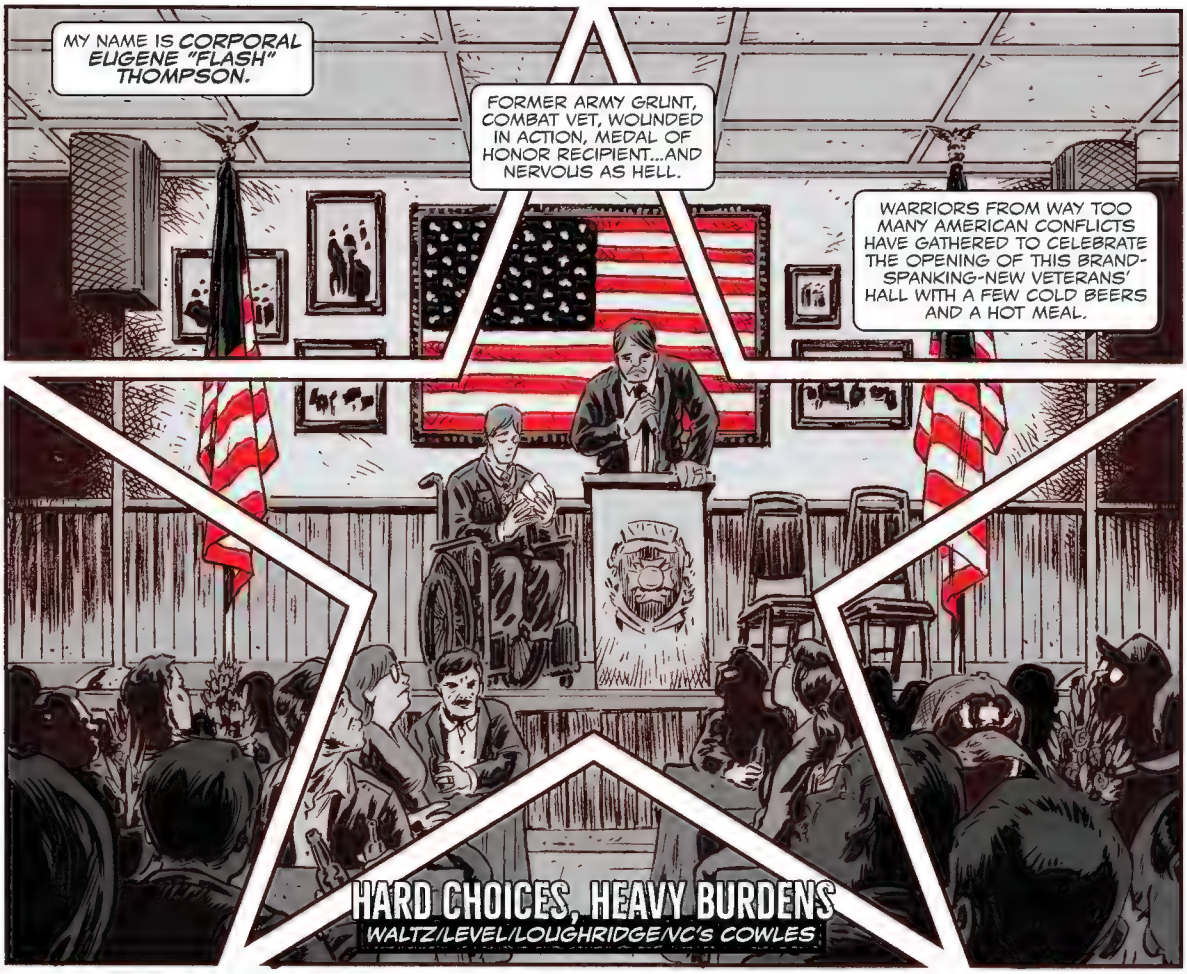
SLAM

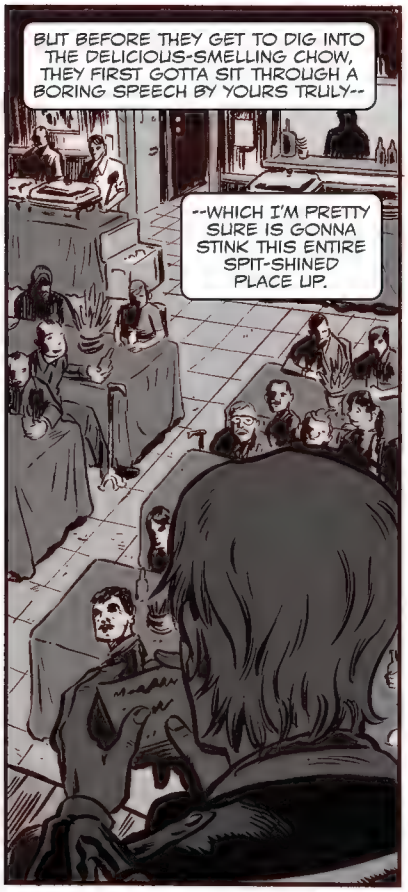
LISTEN, JUST THINK HOW HAPPY THEY'LL BE TO SEE WE FINISHED THE JOB! THEY'LL DEFINITELY TRUST US NOW!
"WHAT HAPPENED TO SAD JIMMY," THEY'LL ASK. "SAD JIMMY? OH, HE SAID HE'D MEET UP WITH US LATER. HE'LL DEFINITELY BE THERE WHEN WE GET TO THE HIDEOUT TO TELL THE BOSS HOW WE, FOR SURE, KILLED ALL HIS ENEMIES."
KRAK
COAT
SEE? PERFECT PLAN.


VALENTINO SEGUNTA WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE SAFE HOUSE HOURS AGO.
SOOOO... YOU KNOW THAT GUNS N' ROSES ALBUM? WELL, THERE WAS A SPAGHETTI INCIDENT.
...AND THE MONEY LAUNDERER? PETER ASGARD?
APPARENTLY AFRAID OF HEIGHTS. HEART ATTACK.
JIMMY TWO-THUMBS? PLEASE TELL ME YOU SAVED JIMMY TWO--
SO TURNS OUT IT WASN'T THE BLUE WIRE, BUT ELAN ALREADY SAW ME GO FOR THE WIRE CUTTERS AND--
GNNNH!
I SWEAR TO GOD I'M GONNA PUSH THIS THING!
DON'T PUSH THE BUTTON!
LISTEN, WE KNOW THIS DIDN'T GO EXACTLY LIKE YOU WANTED, BUT THESE MALO GUYS TRUST US NOW!
CARL FINALLY TOOK US TO THE BOSS' HIDEOUT, AND NO ONE HAS CAUGHT ON TO OUR--
HEY!

SECRET IDENTITY.
DAMMIT. POOR CARL.
FORCE OF HABIT.
ALL RIGHT, BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GUARDS.
WE MIGHT HAVE KILLED THEM ALL, EDDIE.
WHAT WAS THAT?
SHHH!
HUH.
NO ONE'S HERE?
UH... EDDIE?
THESE ARE THE FILES ON ALL OF THE TARGETS. THE BOSS SHOULD BE HERE!
EDDIE!!!
WHAT?

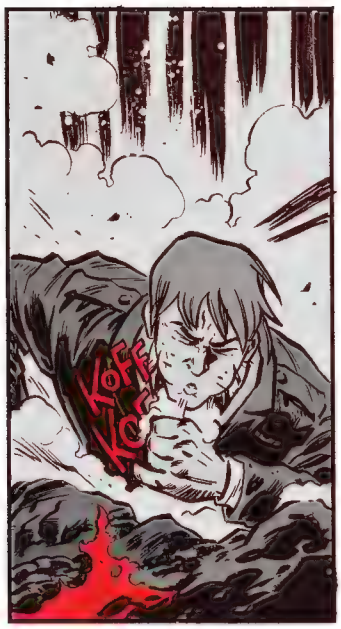

...WORLD'S BEST BOSS...GARY MALOSKOWITZ??? GARY???
GARY MALOSKOWITZ
"ARE YOU SERIOUS? ALL ALONG, THE MASTERMIND WAS--
"--GARY???"
...AGENT SMITH? I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS AND SOME, UH...OTHER NEWS. BUT FIRST, I REALLY NEED YOU TO TAKE THAT BUTTON AWAY FROM MISS JONES.
BROOOK!!!
FIN.


MY NAME IS CORPORAL EUGENE "FLASH" THOMPSON.
FORMER ARMY GRUNT, COMBAT VET, WOUNDED IN ACTION, MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENT...AND NERVOUS AS HELL.
WARRIORS FROM WAY TOO MANY AMERICAN CONFLICTS HAVE GATHERED TO CELEBRATE THE OPENING OF THIS BRAND-SPANKING-NEW VETERANS' HALL WITH A FEW COLD BEERS AND A HOT MEAL.
HARD CHOICES, HEAVY BURDENS
WALTZ/LEVEL/LOUGHRIDGE/NC's COWLES


BUT BEFORE THEY GET TO DIG INTO THE DELICIOUS-SMELLING CHOW, THEY FIRST GOTTA SIT THROUGH A BORING SPEECH BY YOURS TRULY--
--WHICH I'M PRETTY SURE IS GONNA STINK THIS ENTIRE SPIT-SHINED PLACE UP.

...AND WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, IT'S MY EXTREME PRIVILEGE AS YOUR POST COMMANDER TO TURN THE MIC OVER TO OUR GUEST OF HONOR THIS EVENING, QUEENS' VERY OWN HERO... FLASH THOMPSON!
CRAP.
TIME TO CRASH AND BURN.

BADOOM


KOFF
KOFF

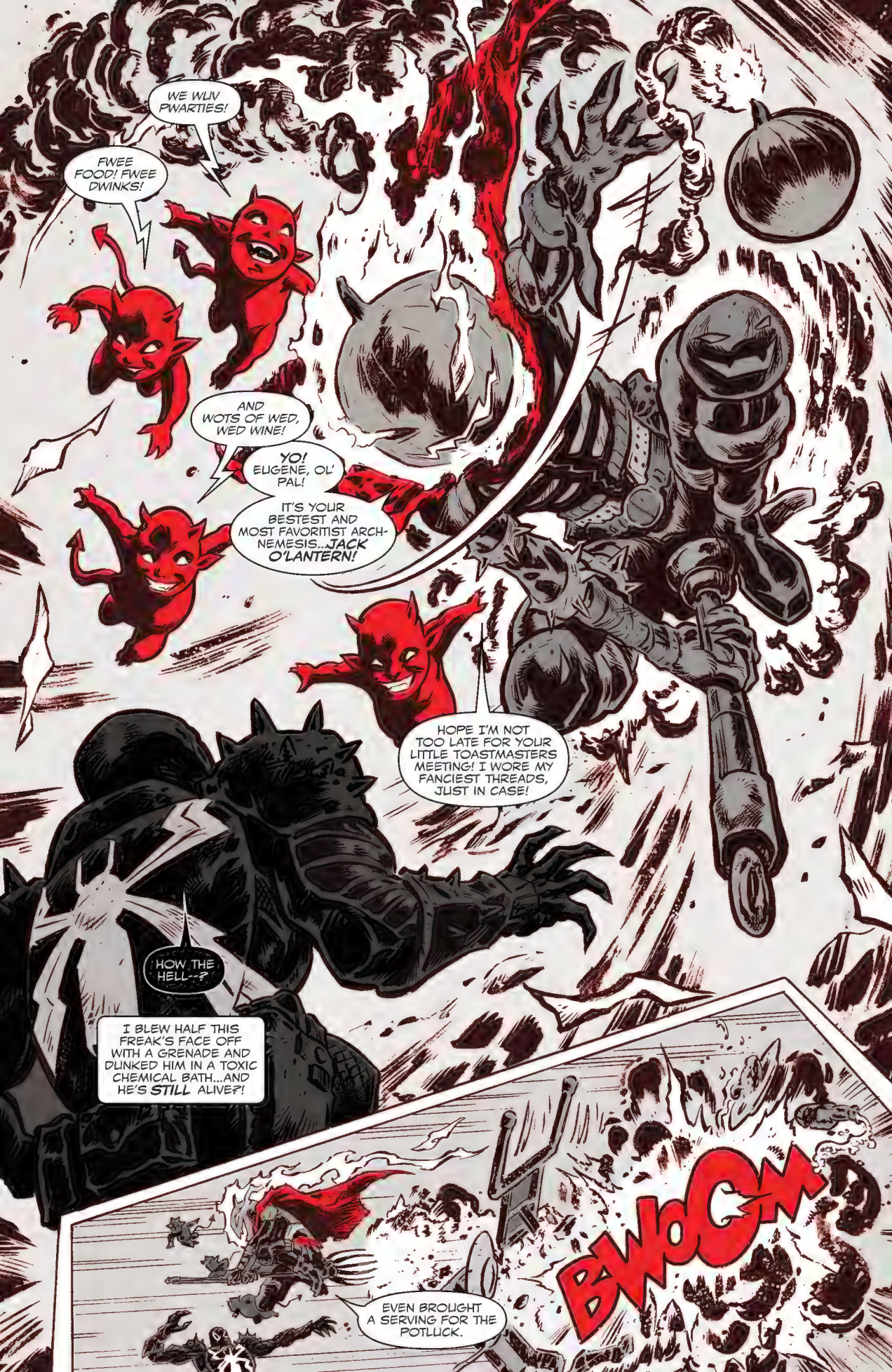
COMMANDER WILLIS!

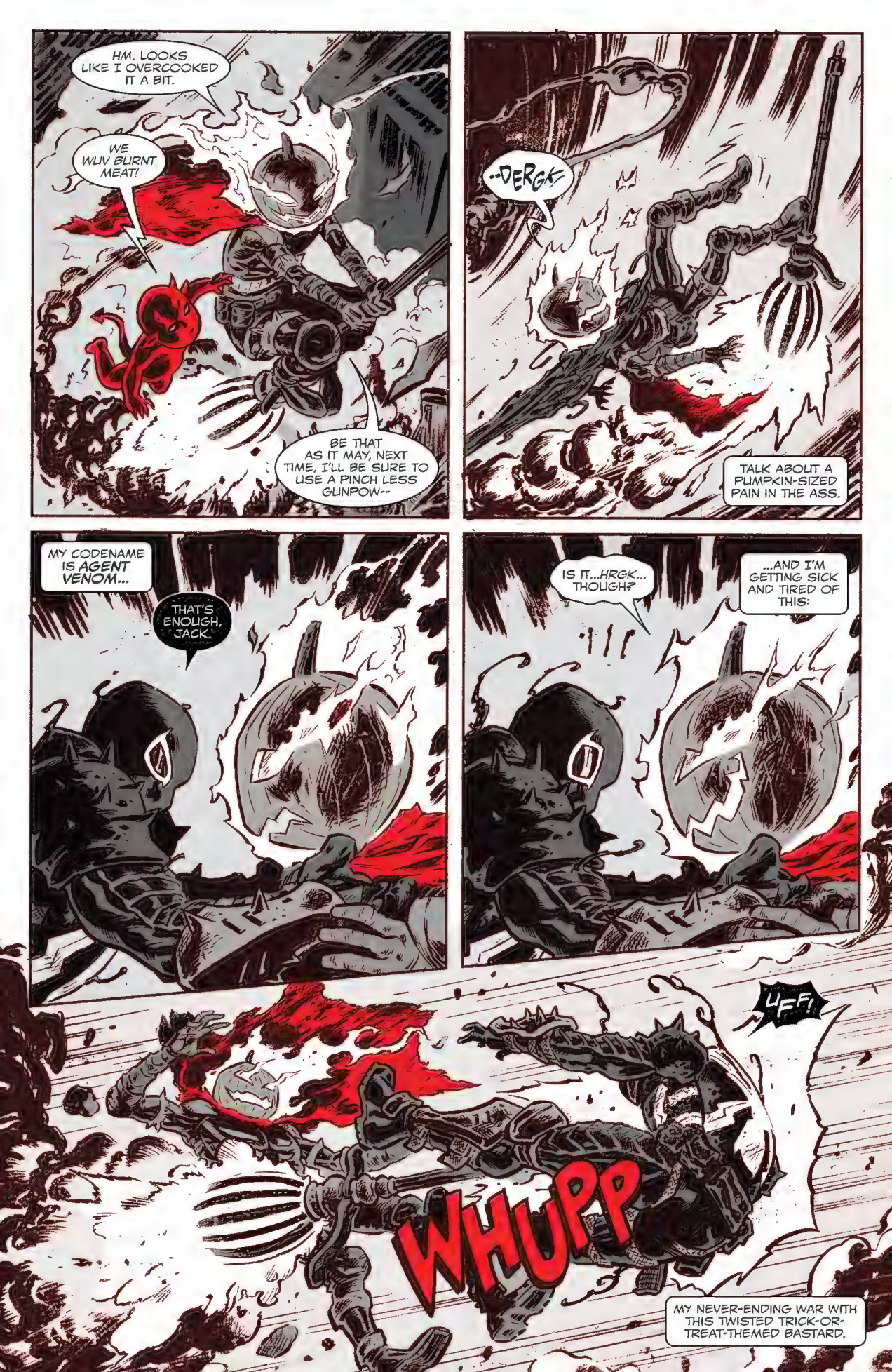
THANK GOD.
STILL ALIVE--BUT NOT FOR LONG IF HE STAYS BURIED UNDER THIS RUBBLE.

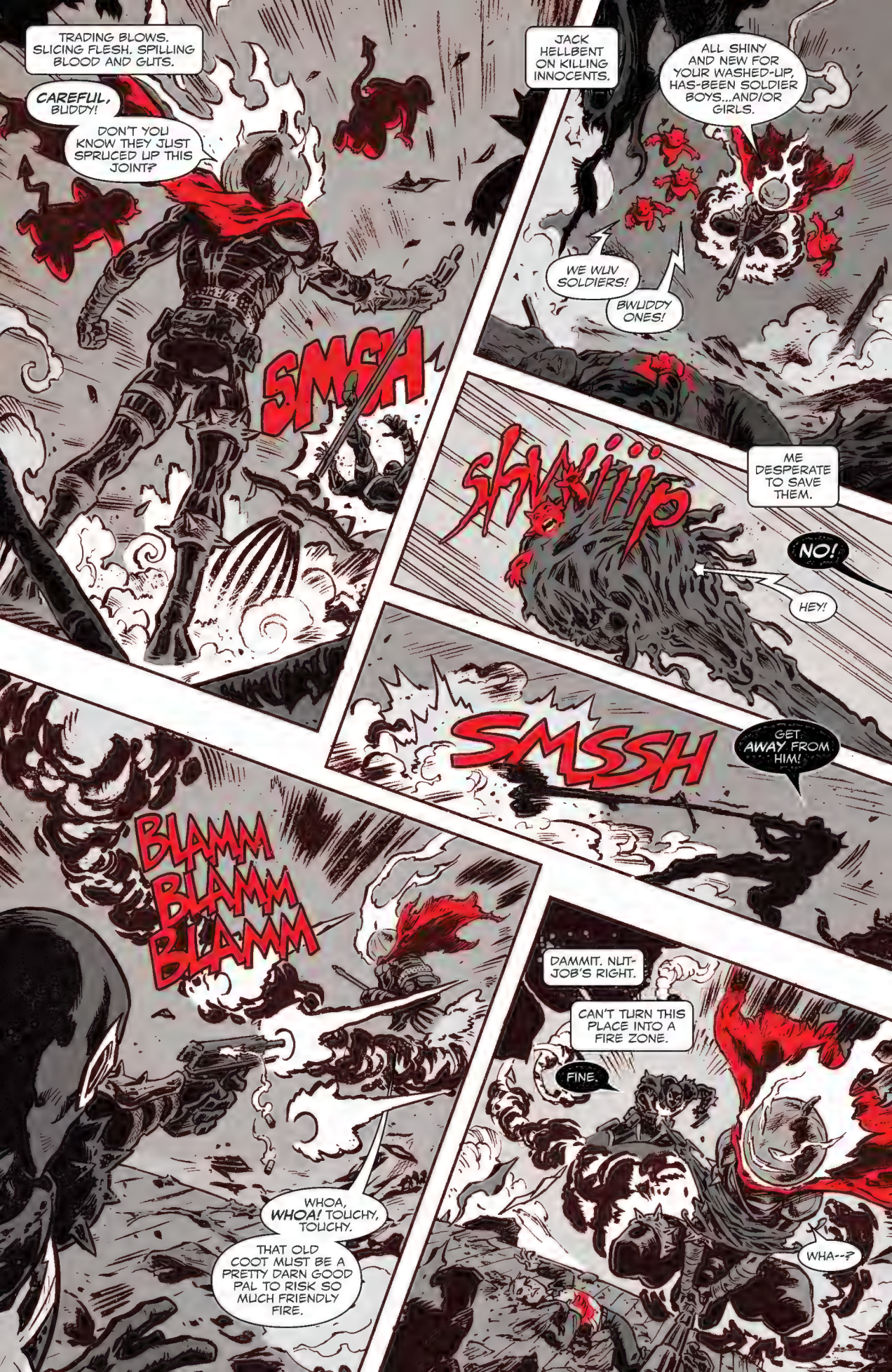
NO WAY I GET HIM OUTTA THIS MESS BY MYSELF THOUGH.
HANG IN THERE, SIR.
GOOD THING I'M NOT ALONE.

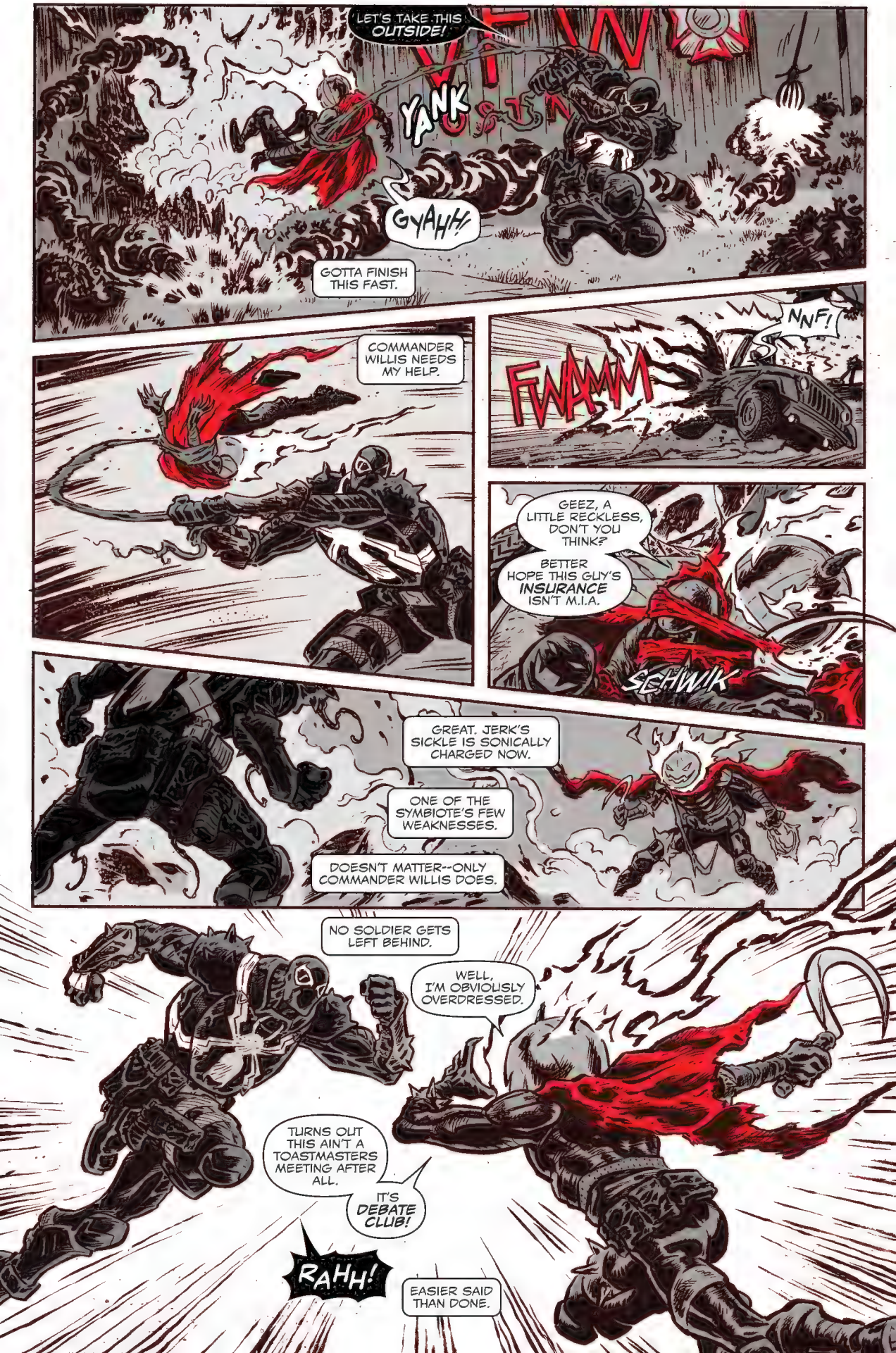
WE'RE GONNA GET YOU OUTTA HERE.

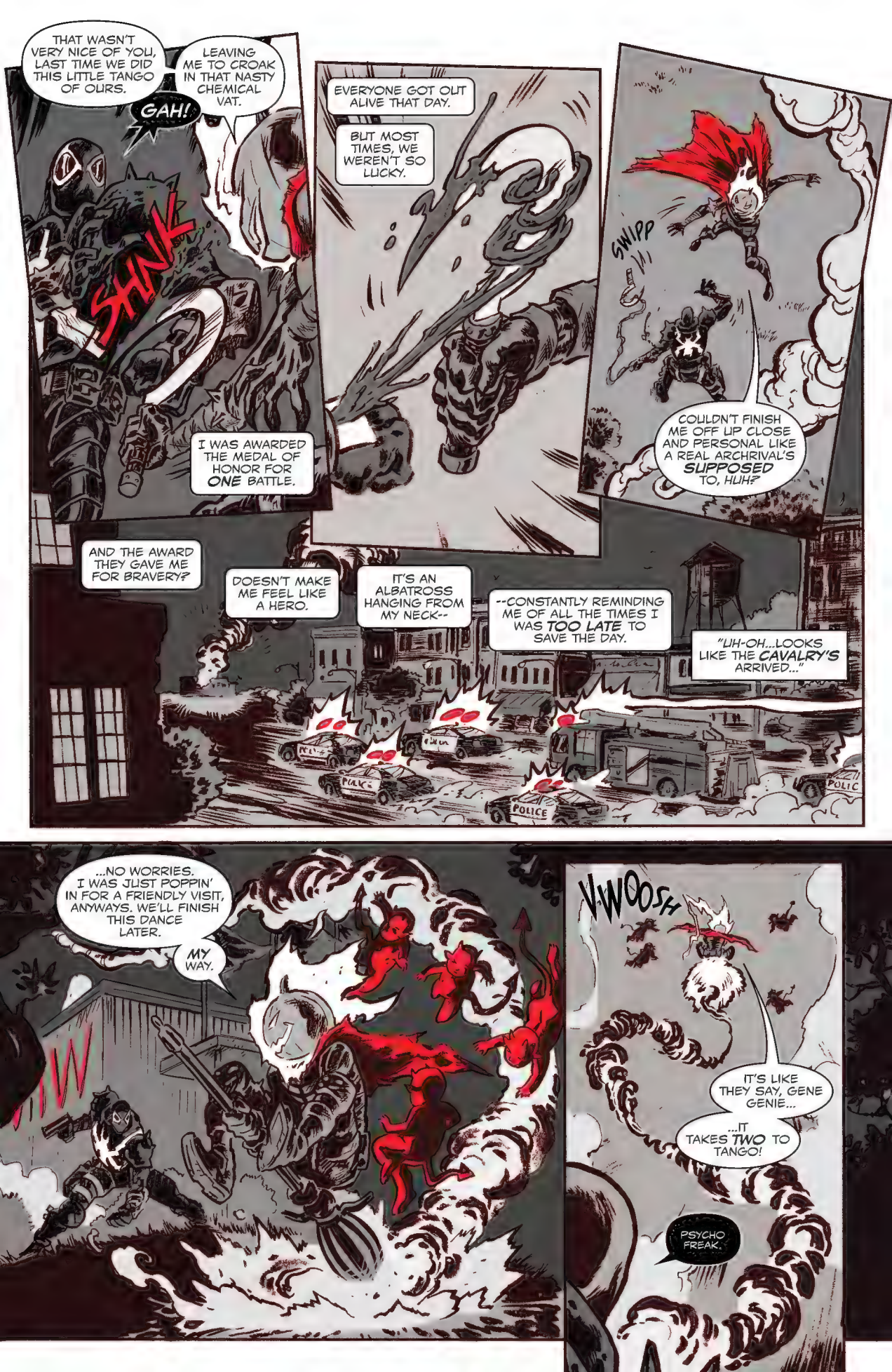
EVERYONE, EXFIL TO THE DOORS! HELP ANYONE WHO CAN'T WALK!
AND CALL 9-1-1!
I SHOUT ORDERS EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE TO.
THESE HARD CHARGERS HAVE BEEN THERE, DONE THAT.
WAIT, WHERE'D HE--?
DON'T MATTER. YOU HEARD THE MAN...
...MOVE IT!
OKAY, COMMANDER, LET'S GET YOU OUT FROM UNDER THIS--
OH, WOOK! A PWARTY!
NO.


WE WUV PWARTIES!
FWEE FOOD! FWEE DWINKS!
AND WOTS OF WED, WED WINE!
YO! EUGENE, OL' PAL!
IT'S YOUR BESTEST AND MOST FAVORITIST ARCH-NEMESIS...JACK O'LANTERN!
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE FOR YOUR LITTLE TOASTMASTERS MEETING! I WORE MY FANCIEST THREADS, JUST IN CASE!
HOW THE HELL--?
I BLEW HALF THIS FREAK'S FACE OFF WITH A GRENADE AND DUNKED HIM IN A TOXIC CHEMICAL BATH...AND HE'S STILL ALIVE?!
EVEN BROUGHT A SERVING FOR THE POTLUCK.
BWOOM

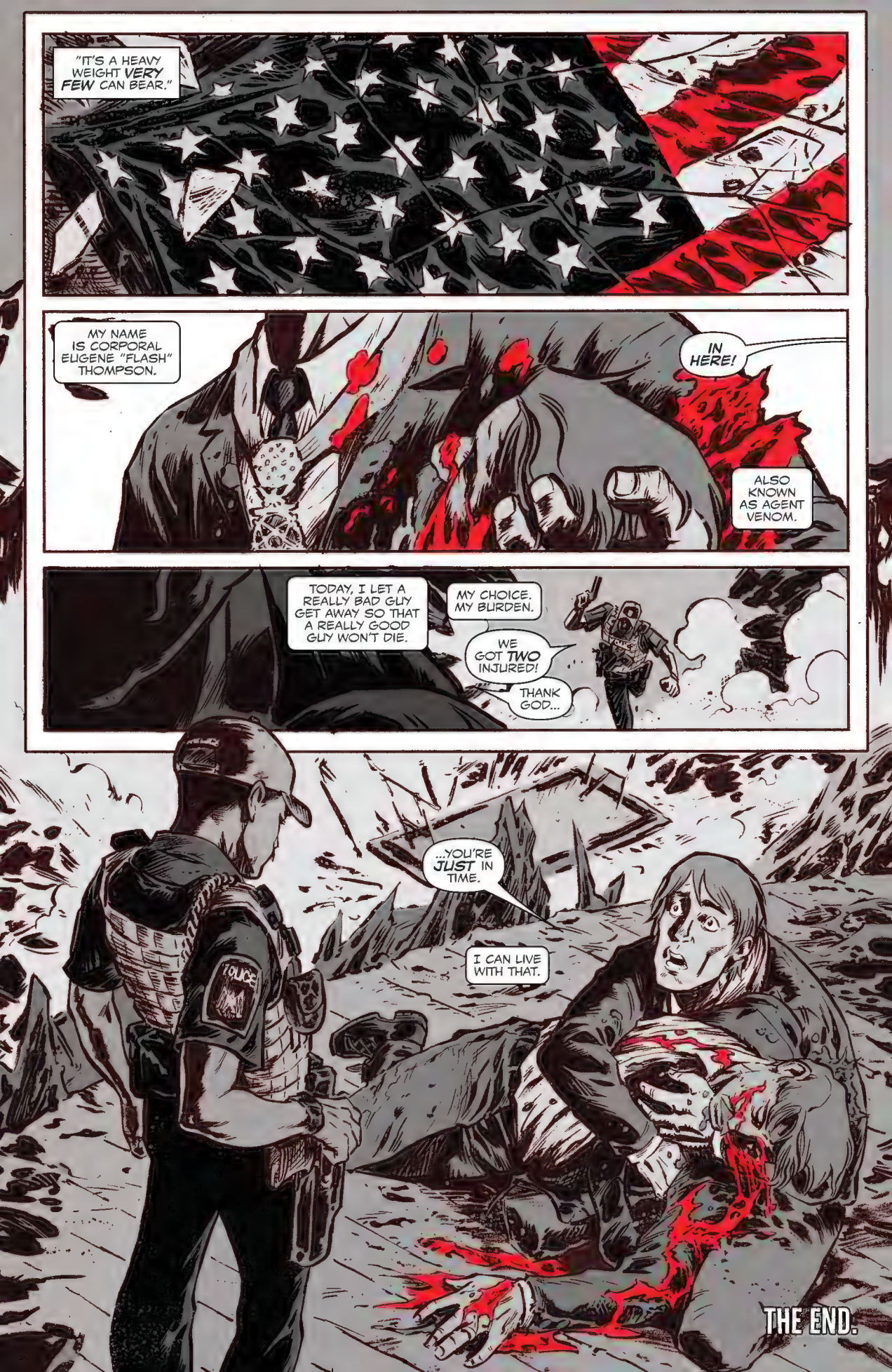

HM. LOOKS LIKE I OVERCOOKED IT A BIT.
WE WUV BURNT MEAT!
BE THAT AS IT MAY, NEXT TIME, I'LL BE SURE TO USE A PINCH LESS GUNPOW--
--DERGK--
TALK ABOUT A PUMPKIN-SIZED PAIN IN THE ASS.
MY CODENAME IS AGENT VENOM...
THAT'S ENOUGH, JACK.
IS IT...HRGK... THOUGH?
...AND I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF THIS:
UFF!
WHUPP
MY NEVER-ENDING WAR WITH THIS TWISTED TRICK-OR-TREAT-THEMED BASTARD.

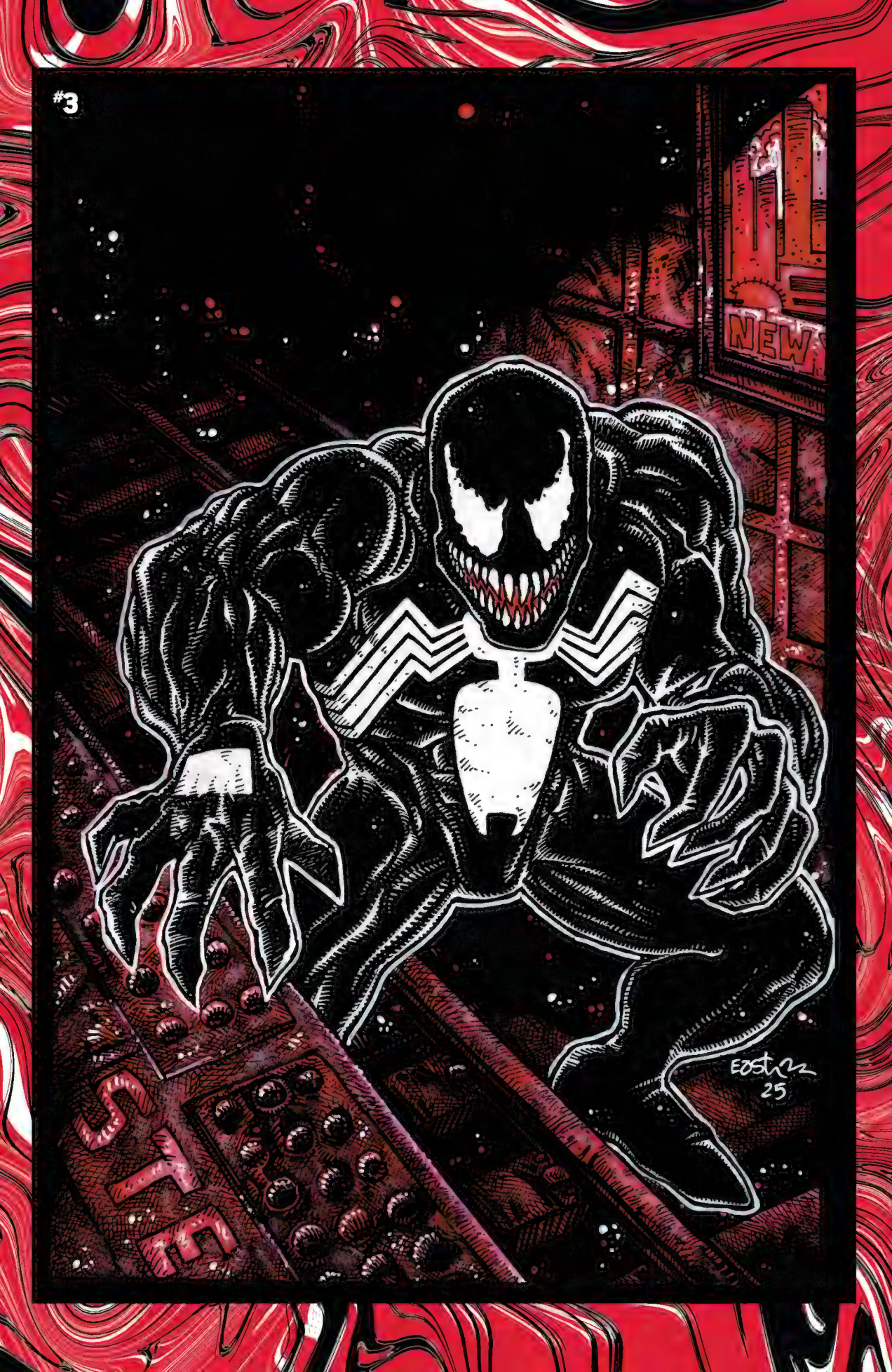

TRADING BLOWS. SLICING FLESH. SPILLING BLOOD AND GUTS.
CAREFUL, BUDDY!
DON'T YOU KNOW THEY JUST SPRUCED UP THIS JOINT?
SMSH
JACK HELLBENT ON KILLING INNOCENTS.
ALL SHINY AND NEW FOR YOUR WASHED-UP, HAS-BEEN SOLDIER BOYS...AND/OR GIRLS.
WE WUV SOLDIERS!
BWUDDY ONES!
SHWIIP
ME DESPERATE TO SAVE THEM.
NO!
HEY!
SMSSH
GET AWAY FROM HIM!
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM
WHOA, WHOA! TOUCHY, TOUCHY.
THAT OLD COOT MUST BE A PRETTY DARN GOOD PAL TO RISK SO MUCH FRIENDLY FIRE.
DAMMIT. NUT-JOB'S RIGHT.
CAN'T TURN THIS PLACE INTO A FIRE ZONE.
FINE.
WHA--?


LET'S TAKE THIS OUTSIDE!
YANK
GYAHH!
GOTTA FINISH THIS FAST.
COMMANDER WILLIS NEEDS MY HELP.
FWAMM
NNF!
GEEZ, A LITTLE RECKLESS, DON'T YOU THINK?
BETTER HOPE THIS GUY'S INSURANCE ISN'T M.I.A.
SEHWIK
GREAT. JERK'S SICKLE IS SONICALLY CHARGED NOW.
ONE OF THE SYMBIOTE'S FEW WEAKNESSES.
DOESN'T MATTER--ONLY COMMANDER WILLIS DOES.
NO SOLDIER GETS LEFT BEHIND.
WELL, I'M OBVIOUSLY OVERDRESSED.
TURNS OUT THIS AIN'T A TOASTMASTERS MEETING AFTER ALL.
IT'S DEBATE CLUB!
RAHH!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

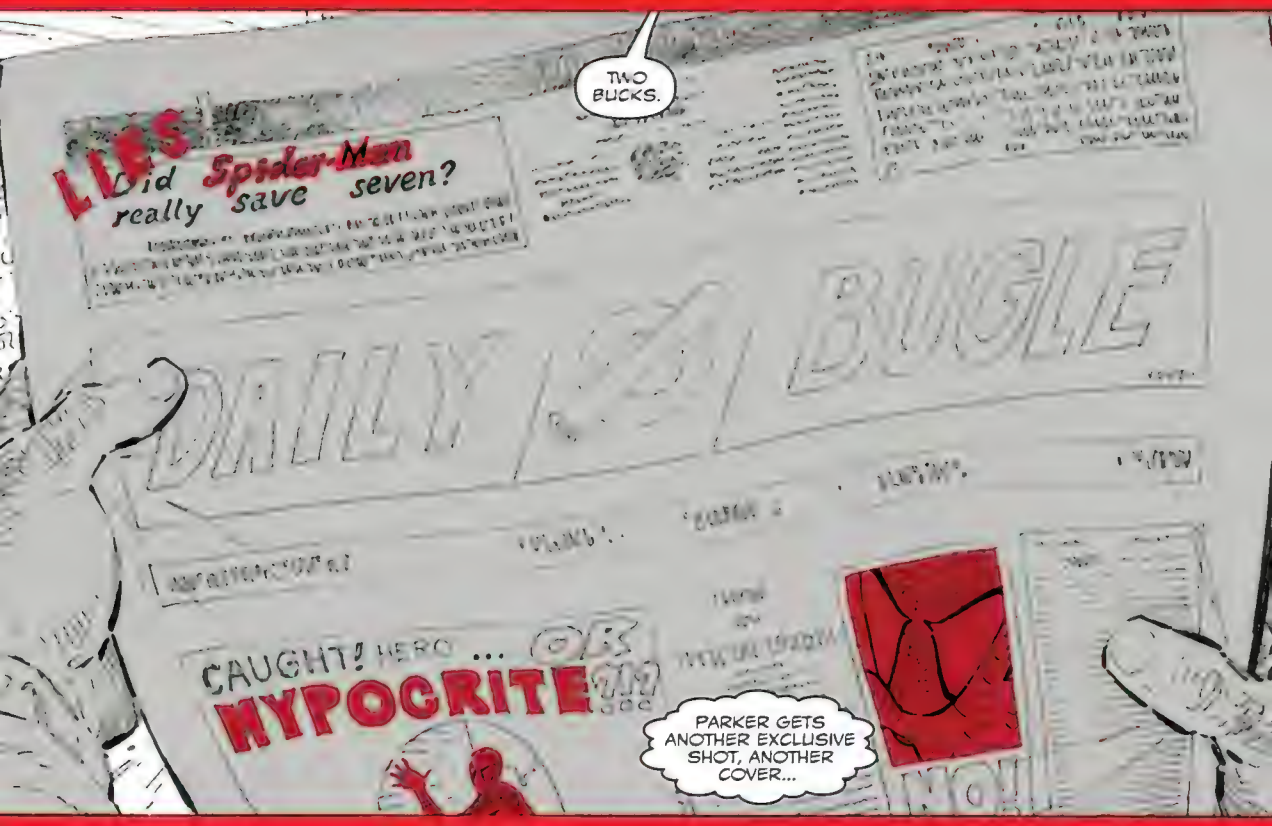

THAT WASN'T VERY NICE OF YOU, LAST TIME WE DID THIS LITTLE TANGO OF OURS.
LEAVING ME TO CROAK IN THAT NASTY CHEMICAL VAT.
GAH!
SHNK
I WAS AWARDED THE MEDAL OF HONOR FOR ONE BATTLE.
EVERYONE GOT OUT ALIVE THAT DAY.
BUT MOST TIMES, WE WEREN'T SO LUCKY.
SWIPP
COULDN'T FINISH ME OFF UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL LIKE A REAL ARCHRIVAL'S SUPPOSED TO, HUH?
AND THE AWARD THEY GAVE ME FOR BRAVERY?
DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A HERO.
IT'S AN ALBATROSS HANGING FROM MY NECK--
--CONSTANTLY REMINDING ME OF ALL THE TIMES I WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE THE DAY.
"UH-OH...LOOKS LIKE THE CAVALRY'S ARRIVED..."
POLICE
...NO WORRIES. I WAS JUST POPPIN' IN FOR A FRIENDLY VISIT, ANYWAYS. WE'LL FINISH THIS DANCE LATER.
MY WAY.
VWOOSH
IT'S LIKE THEY SAY, GENE GENIE...
...IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO!
PSYCHO FREAK.

IT'S THE SAME FOR THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE BONDED TO MY BODY.
HOLD ON, COMMANDER!
SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME INTO SOME KIND OF SUPER HERO.
THE PARAMEDICS ARE COMING!
I WON'T LET YOU DIE!
INSTEAD, IT'S JUST LIKE CAP SAID.
YOU WANT TO BE AN AVENGER, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU NEED TO REMEMBER, FLASH.
OUR COSTUMES AREN'T JUST SYMBOLS... THEY'RE BURDENS. NO DIFFERENT THAN THE ARMY UNIFORM YOU USED TO WEAR.
WE PUT THEM ON, AND WE DO OUR VERY BEST TO BE HEROES. BUT ALL OUR POWERS AND SPECIAL ABILITIES DON'T GUARANTEE WE'LL ALWAYS SUCCEED.
AND SINCE OUR BUSINESS IS LIFE AND DEATH, YOU'LL BE FORCED TO MAKE HARD CHOICES SOMETIMES...FIGHT-OR-FLIGHT DECISIONS THAT YOU'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE REST OF YOUR DAYS.


"IT'S A HEAVY WEIGHT VERY FEW CAN BEAR."
MY NAME IS CORPORAL EUGENE "FLASH" THOMPSON.
IN HERE!
ALSO KNOWN AS AGENT VENOM.
TODAY, I LET A REALLY BAD GUY GET AWAY SO THAT A REALLY GOOD GUY WON'T DIE.
MY CHOICE. MY BURDEN.
WE GOT TWO INJURED!
THANK GOD...
...YOU'RE JUST IN TIME.
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.
POLICE
THE END.


#3
NEW
25

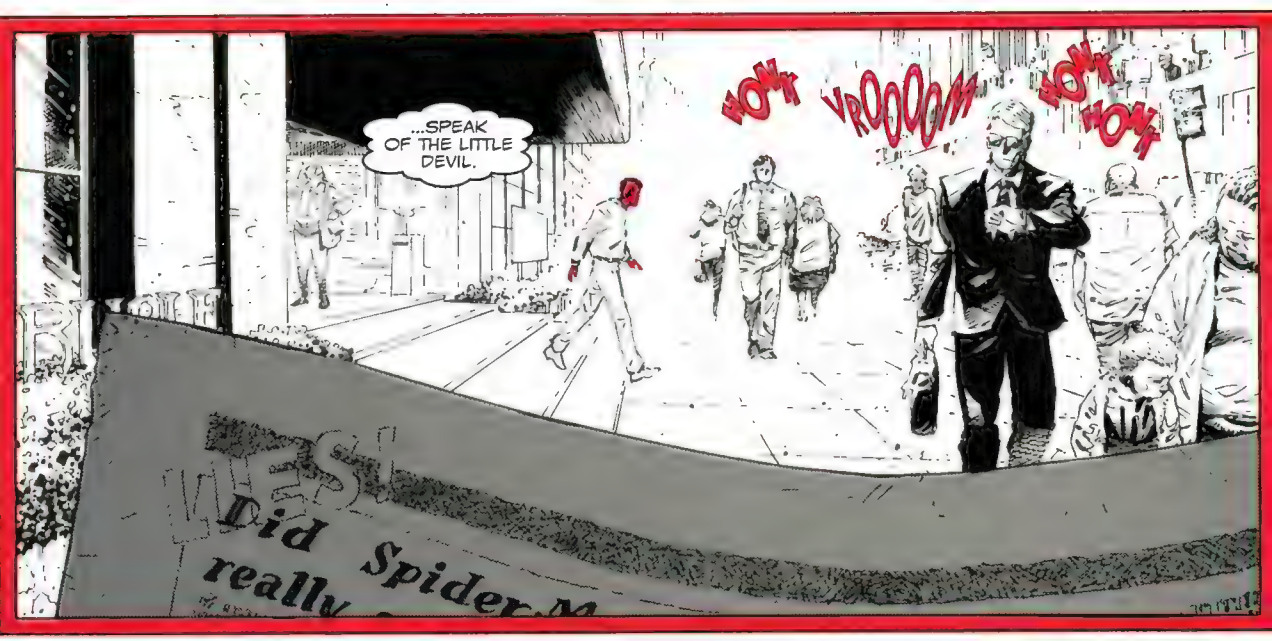
STALKER SYNDROME



WRITER: DAVID DASTMALCHIAN

ARTIST: PHILIP TAN

LETTERER: VC's CLAYTON COWLES


...SPEAK OF THE LITTLE DEVIL.
VROOOM
VROOM
VROOM
Did Spider-M
really

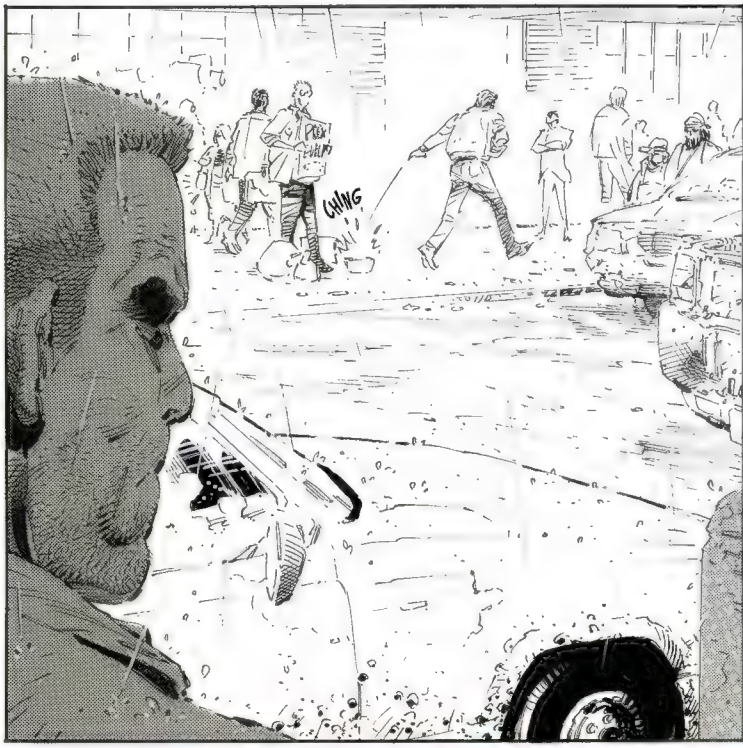
LITTLE DEVIL... LITTLE BRAT... LITTLE...

...BUG!
CRSH

HEY!
RSHTHUK

HEY, THAT'S TWO BUCKS!

HONK
BEEP


CHING

A LITTLE SPIDER BUG.

A LITTLE BUG THAT RUINED MY LIFE.

A LITTLE SSSSSSSPIDER BOY...SSSSSSSTOLE YOUR CHANCES, OUR CHANCESSSSSS.

EXCUSE ME--

HM?
PARASITE!

WHERE IS HE? THE LITTLE COCKROACH.
WE'LL FIND HIM. SSSSSMELL HIM IN THE AIR.
SELF-SATISFIED BUG. I LOSE MY CAREER. I LOSE...
EVERYTHING.
AND HE GETSSSS IT ALL.
ACCLAIM. A GREAT JOB. EVEN A GIRL. AND WHAT DO I GET...?

NOTHING!
THAT'S RIGHT! NOTHING! WE GET NOTHING! AND PARKER GETS EVERYTHING!

THERE IS NO JUSSSSSTICE. HE HASN'T JUST BEEN GIVEN... HE HASSSSS TAKEN!
HE TAKES AND HE TAKES...
...AND RECEIVESSSSS...
WELL, IT'S TIME TO SET THINGS STRAIGHT.
RMBL
THE PRIVILEGED PARASITES MUSSSST MAKE ROOM FOR THE WORTHY.
RMMBL
THE DESSSSSERVING.
RMMMBLL
TIME TO TAKE PARKER DOWN TO WHERE THE BUGS BELONG.
MMBLL
-GASP!-
HRRRNT
THE NEXT TRAIN IS ARRIVING. PLEASE STAND AWAY FROM THE PLATFORM EDGE.

OH MY GOD!
GIVE HIM A HAND! THERE'S A TRAIN COMING!
SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING! QUICK!
RMMBBBBLLL
WHOOOOSH
WE'VE GOT HIM!
HURRY!
HE'S SAFE! WE GOT HIM!
SAFE...
NOT SAFE FOR MUCH LONGER.

YOUR LUCK WILL RUN OUT, PARKER.
THAT UNDENIABLE TRUTH WILL COME.
IT WILL TAKE SHAPE RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES.
THE SPIDER BOY WILL BE PUT IN HIS PROPER PLACE.

AND WE...
...VENOM... WILL HAVE OUR...
...RECKONING!

WHAT IF THE RADIOACTIVE SPIDER THAT BIT PETER PARKER WAS ALSO **VENOMOUS...**

...GIVING RISE TO A VERY DIFFERENT PUNISHING SPIDER IN PLACE OF THE SPIDER-MAN YOU KNOW?

ONE WHO, HAVING CHOSEN TO KILL HIS UNCLE BEN'S MURDERER, CONTINUED TO METE OUT **FINAL JUSTICE** TO THE SUPER VILLAINS HE BATTLED?*

THIS PARKER EVENTUALLY GAVE UP HIS VIOLENT CRUSADE EAGER TO LIVE LIFE WITH HIS SWEETHEART, GWEN STACY.

BUT, WHAT IF, LIKE PETER PARKER FROM EARTH-616, HE TOO WAS PART OF THE **SECRET WARS** AND ENCOUNTERED AN **ALIEN SYMBIOTE,** WHICH PROMPTED HIM BACK INTO ACTION?

WHAT IF PETER PARKER BECAME VENOM?

"TOXIC RELATIONSHIP"

WRITER: CARL POTTS ARTIST: DAMIAN COUCEIRO
LETTERER: VC'S CLAYTON COWLES

*SEE WHAT IF? PETER PARKER BECAME THE PUNISHER #1!

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, GWEN.
WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU, PARKER?! POLICE RADIO SAYS TERRORISTS IN THE BANK ARE THREATENING HOSTAGES!
CROWD'S TOO BIG-- NO VIEW!
JUST DO WHATEVER YOU NEED TO DO TO GET THOSE GREAT SHOTS!
BLAM
!!!
I PROMISED GWEN I WOULDN'T GO BACK TO MY OLD SPIDER-DAYS...BUT THIS HIGH-TECH COSTUME IS SOMETHING ELSE.
SHE'LL UNDERSTAND-- I HOPE.
THE PHOTOS ARE ONE THING...BUT NOW LIVES ARE AT STAKE.
THE RESPONSIBILITY MY SPIDER-POWERS GAVE ME WAS HARD ENOUGH TO IGNORE.
BUT THIS POWER...IT'S HARD TO RESIST.
SOMETIMES, IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, I'D SWEAR THE SUIT WAS URGING ME TO USE IT.
NYPD
MOM! LOOK!
BUT ISN'T SAVING LIVES WORTH ANY SACRIFICE?

SOON...
THE BANK MANAGER PAID THE PRICE 'CAUSE YOU BLEW THE DEADLINE!
HAVE THE HELICOPTER HERE IN FIVE MINUTES, OR THIS WOMAN'S KID WILL BE AN ORPHAN!
SEAL THE SURROUNDING FOUR BLOCKS! NO ONE IN OR OUT!
SORRY, GWEN...
KR-ASH
...NO CHOICE!
TIME FOR HARSHER MEASURES!

HUNGHHH!
UNGH...FOR ALL THIS COSTUME'S STRENGTH...IT DOES NOT TAKE KINDLY TO EXPLOSIONS...
I'VE GOT HIM, BOSS! HE AIN'T GONNA MESS WITH OUR HEIST!
FZZZZZZZT
ARRGHHH!
TO SAY NOTHING OF ELECTRICITY!
THAT...
...HURT!
THUMP

WHOA, I DIDN'T MEAN TO... I GUESS THAT PAIN REALLY GOT TO ME.
GOTTA KEEP A HANDLE ON THAT.
TOTAL CHAOS...
...PERFECT FOR THIS "INNOCENT" BYSTANDER TO SLIP AWAY.
IS THAT ALL OF THEM?
MOMMY, HE SCARES ME!
ALL UNITS, MOVE IN...
...NOW!
KA-RASH
THANK YOU...
...I THINK?
DO WE HAVE ALL THE TERRORISTS?

ONE MISSING--THE GUY IN THE CAP, RED JACKET AND BEARD.
THE LEADER ESCAPED?!

RRRRR-- NO! NOT ON MY WATCH!

THAT DAMN THING AGAIN!

THIS'LL KEEP HIM BUSY AS I VANISH INTO THE SUBWAY CROWDS.

NO! ANOTHER GRENADE!

ONLY SECONDS LEFT...

IT APPEARS THAT THIS DRAMA IS FAR FROM CONCLUDED.
KA-KOOM
OWWW, MY HEAD!
WHAT A DAY...AND IT'S NOT EVEN NOON!
RRRRARR NO ESCAPE!
...BE COURTEOUS AND LET DISEMBARKING RIDERS OFF FIRST...
SKREEEECH
OUT OF MY WAY, IDIOTS!
NO! THE THIEF KNOCKED THAT INNOCENT OVER!
JUST REACH OUT, I'VE GOT Y--
NO!
PUNISHMENT FIRST!
YOU WILL PAY!
WAIT! SOMEBODY HELP! I GOT A KID!

WHAT AM I DOING...? THIS ISN'T ME...
I'M...A MONSTER!
THAT KID'D PROBABLY BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOU...
...BUT THAT'S NOT MY CALL TO MAKE.
5784
I NEED AN UPDATE ON THE SUBWAY SITU--
THUD
THIS ISN'T ME!
GOTTA GET THIS THING OFF ME NOW!
PETER? WHAT ON EARTH...?!
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU!
USE YOUR STUN GUN--IT HATES ELECTRIC SHOCKS!
BASED ON WHAT HAPPENED, IF NEED BE, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO USE ELECTRICITY TO KEEP IT UNDER CONTROL UNTIL WE WORK OUT A PERMANENT SOLUTION.

NO!

SZZZZZHO

NEED A SECURE CONTAINER!
INCOMING!

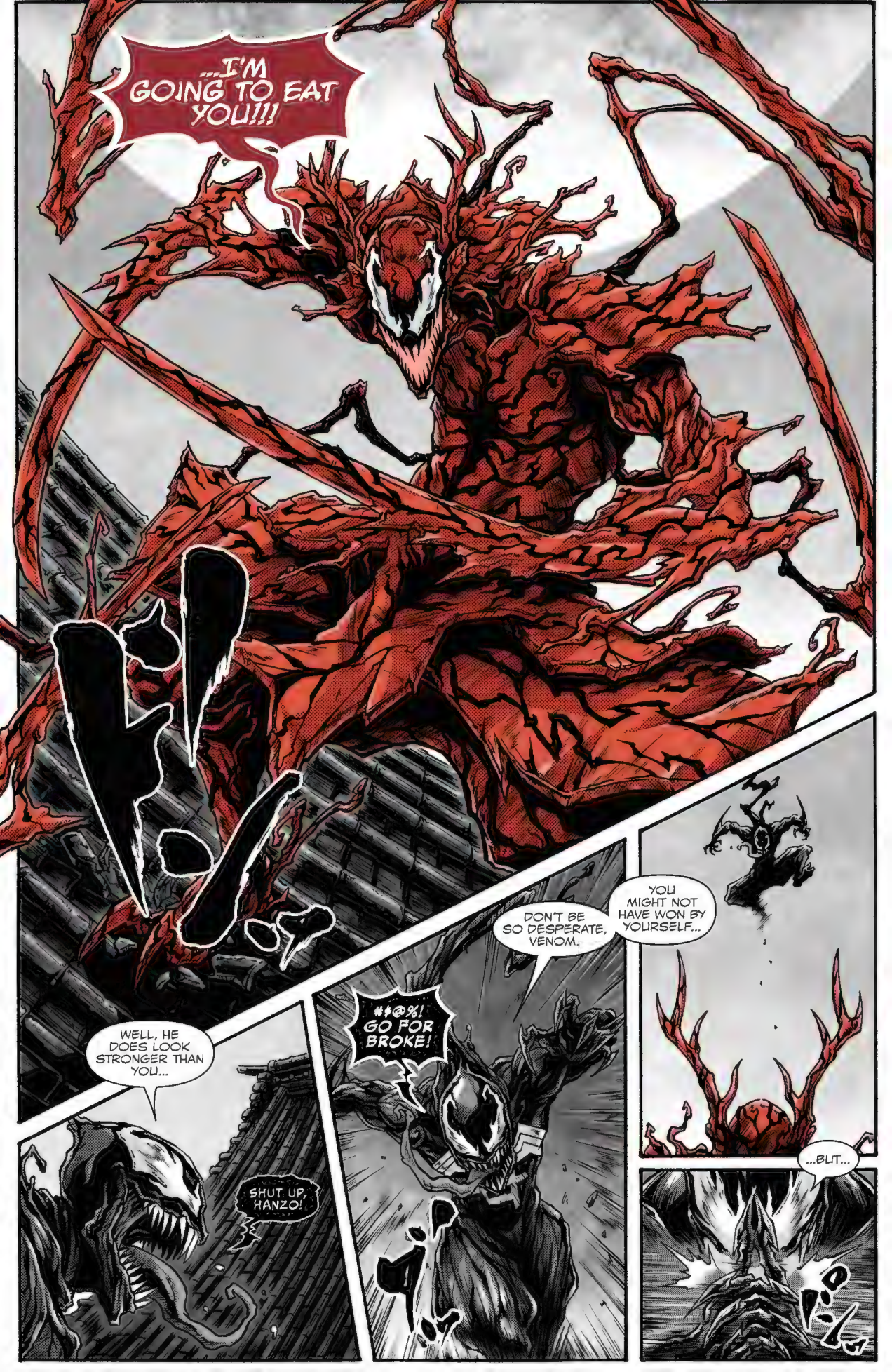
SZZZAP
HOLD ON!

IT'S IN!
SUPER GLUE, TO SEAL IT!
WE... DID IT...
YOU MUST STOP GETTING INVOLVED IN DANGEROUS SITUATIONS. NOT JUST FOR ME. IT'S FOR...
...ALL THREE OF US.
NOW WHAT?
I KNOW JUST WHO TO CALL.
BAXTER
I'D HOPED TO STUDY THIS "ENTITY" ON BATTLEWORLD.*
BE CAREFUL, DR. RICHARDS. IT'S VERY STRONG, EVEN AFTER EXTREME EXERTION.
HOW DID YOU "COAX" IT INTO THE CONTAINER?
TEAMWORK WITH MY WIFE.
THAT'S FUNNY...
*LIKE REED DID IN SECRET WARS.
"...THAT'S ALSO THE FAVORITE APPROACH HERE."
THE END... OR A NEW BEGINNING?

NINJA VENOM
忍者毒之武
"THE SCARLET ARMORED SAMURAI"
Peace reigns in Japan. The Shogun's right hand, the Ninja Hanzo, travels around the country with his mysterious symbiote creature, Venom, to annihilate the rebel forces.
Their current mission is to take down the mysterious "Armored Samurai" decapitating innocent people. The samurai lives in a run-down castle in Shinano.
NINJA HANZO
Can Hanzo and Venom take down the Armored Samurai and bring its head back to the Shogun?! And who IS this armored samurai...?!
BY TAKASHI OKAZAKI
WITH VC'S CLAYTON COWLES

TOO... TOUGH...
THAT'S NOT A MAN!
IT'S A MONSTER!
SAYS WHO?
HRM...IS THAT ALL YOU GOT, ASSASSIN?
I THOUGHT THAT IF I CREATED A LITTLE RUCKUS, YOU MIGHT COME.
AND SO YOU DID.
BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, YOU CANNOT DEFEAT ME, VENOM!

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
WHO ARE YOU?!
YOU STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND. FOOLS.
HOW ABOUT IF I SHOW YOU... THIS?
#%@$!
WE CAN'T DEFEAT HIM...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, VENOM? I FEEL YOUR FEAR.
YEAH...WE HAVE A LONG HISTORY...
HEHE... YOU FINALLY REMEMBER.
I HAVE NO INTEREST IN SURRENDERING THIS COUNTRY TO YOU.
THIS TIME...

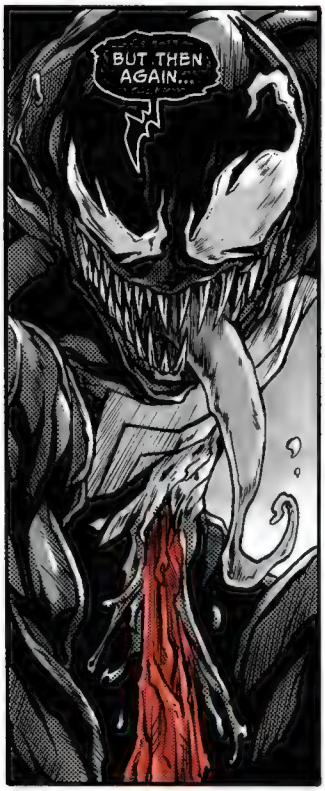

...I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!!!
WELL, HE DOES LOOK STRONGER THAN YOU...
SHUT UP, HANZO!
#!@%! GO FOR BROKE!
DON'T BE SO DESPERATE, VENOM.
YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE WON BY YOURSELF...
...BUT...

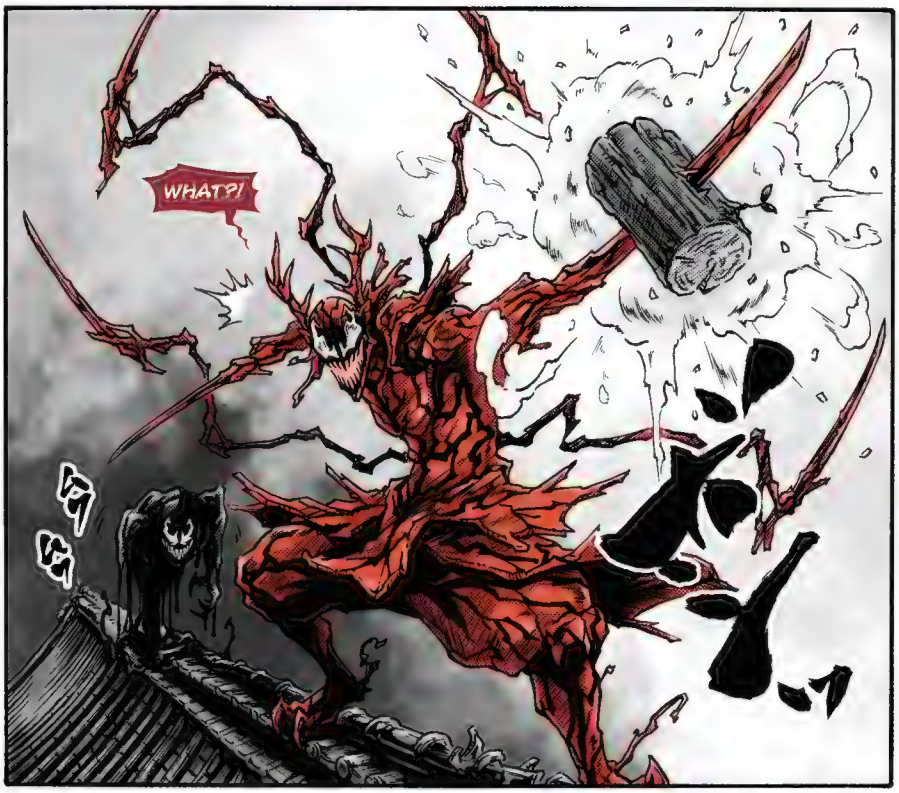
...WE ARE
NINJA!!!

HUH? WHAT???
YOU CAN'T STOP ME WITH A LITTLE NINJA MAGIC!!!
I'LL KILL THEM ALL!!!
BUT WHICH IS THE REAL ONE?!
THIS?!
OR THIS?!
THIS IS GOING NOWHERE...
$&%!#! WHERE ARE YOU?!!

FOOL! YOU CAN'T KILL ME WITH A PATHETIC TRICK!!!
GAME OVER!

#+%@... THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER FIND ME...


BUT THEN AGAIN...


WHAT?!

SAYONARA, CARNAGE!

Against all odds, Hanzo and Venom have managed to defeat their archenemy Carnage!
But there is no time to rest! What danger awaits them?
OOPS, I ATE THE HEAD.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
See you in our next adventure! To be continued?

#4

YOU WANT CREAM AND SUGAR?
Lee Price
JUST BLACK.
I SEE THE WORLD HOW IT IS.

THERE'S NO GOOD AND EVIL OR RIGHT AND WRONG--NONE OF THAT DUMB CRAP.
THIS IS A WORLD OF STRONG AND WEAK. A WORLD OF WILL AND WON'T.

NOT MANY PEOPLE GET THAT--NOT EVEN THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE I SOMEHOW LUCKED INTO.
VENOM CAME ALL THE WAY FROM SPACE--AND IT STILL BELIEVES IN WISHES AND FAIRIES. IN "SAVING LIVES" AND "DOING GOOD."

LEE...?
SHUT UP.
BUT I CONTROL IT--NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND.
BECAUSE I SEE THE WORLD HOW IT IS. LIFE IS BLACK AND WHITE.

NOTHING ELSE.
LEE!

THAT SAID, IT CAN FORCE CERTAIN INVOLUNTARY FUNCTIONS...
NNNHH!
MOVE!
POK
...LIKE NECK SPASMS.
ALMOST GAVE ME WHIPLASH, YOU LITTLE--YOU TRYING TO TAKE OVER AGAIN?
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT GETS YOU--
YOU TOLD ME NOT TO SHOW MYSELF, LEE. I HAD TO DO SOMETHING.
LOOK, LEE.
LOOK.
WHAT THE--?
DAMN.
I PAID SIX BUCKS FOR THAT COFFEE.

TAX & SERVICES
I'M OUT THE DOOR BEFORE ANYONE WORKS OUT WHAT HAPPENED--AND BEFORE SOMEONE SEES MY FACE.
IMMEDIATE THOUGHTS: SOMEBODY WANTS THE SYMBIOTE.
SOMEBODY KNOWS.
WHOULP--
UFFF!
LITTLE BASTARD TRIPPED ME OVER MY OWN FEET--
--AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON.
THE BULLET PASSES THROUGH THE SPACE WHERE MY HEART WAS AND CHEWS CONCRETE--
CRUNK

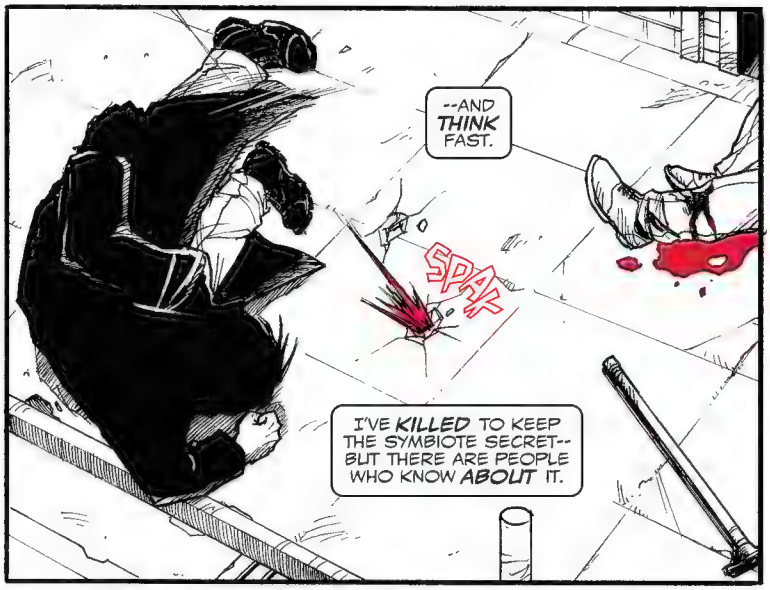
--THEN RICOCHETS.
NO!
COST OF BUSINESS. SHUT UP AND GET IN MY EYEBALLS.
THE SYMBIOTE'S DOING WHAT I TOLD IT TO--NOT REVEALING ITSELF. NOT GIVING US AWAY.

THE STUPID THING WANTS TO SAVE EVERY LIFE--INCLUDING MINE.
I NEED VISION.
AND THAT'S USEFUL...UP TO A POINT...

...BUT IT DOESN'T SEE THE WORLD LIKE I DO.

GOTCHA.

ADRENALINE. FLOOD MY SYSTEM.
DO IT NOW.
TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL. I NEED TO MOVE FAST--


--AND THINK FAST.
SPAK
I'VE KILLED TO KEEP THE SYMBIOTE SECRET-- BUT THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO KNOW ABOUT IT.

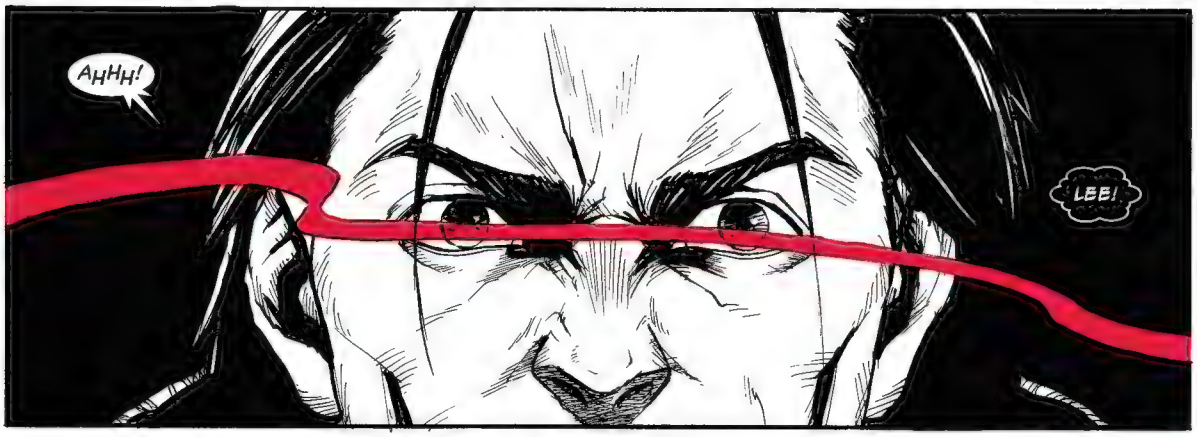
THOSE FBI AGENTS, BAGMAN AND WAMBAUGH, ARE BLACKMAILING ME FOR MY SERVICES. AND THAT'S BAD ENOUGH.
BUT DID THEIR BOSSES CATCH WIND?
CRAK

IS THIS THEM COVERING THEIR TRACKS?
KRUNCH
I CAN'T LET THE SYMBIOTE LOOSE FOR REAL UNTIL I KNOW FOR SURE. SO FOR NOW...

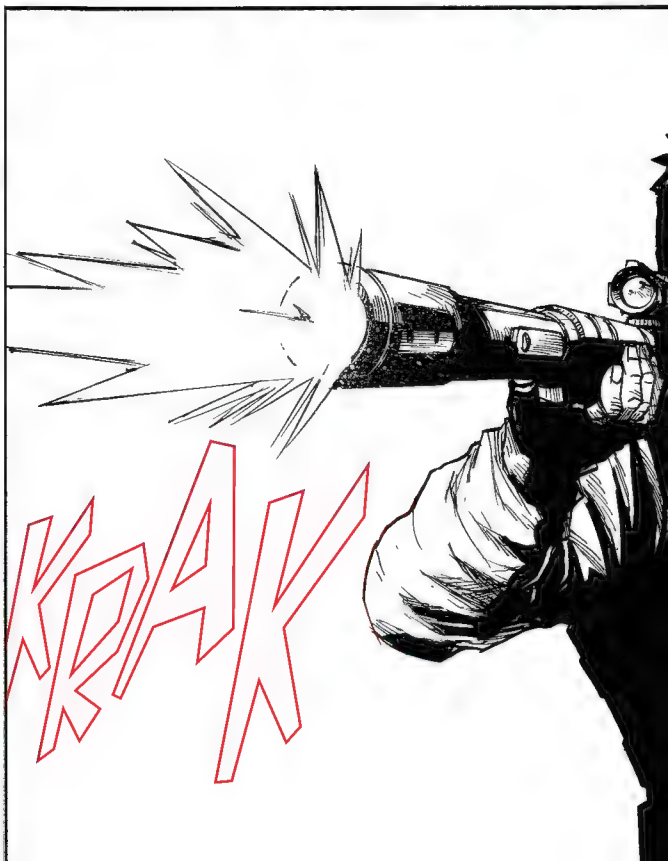
...WE'LL DO THIS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
MY TURN.

ROOFTOP ACCESS
THE SYMBIOTE YAMMERS IN MY HEAD ABOUT THE SANCTITY OF WHATEVER.
I TELL IT TO SHUT UP AND CLEAN THE LACTIC ACID OUT OF MY MUSCLES. NUMB MY PAIN RECEPTORS. REGULATE MY BREATHING.
I'M AN OLYMPIC SPRINTER NOW. I'M A SUPER-SOLDIER.

LET'S HOPE IT'S ENOUGH.
A SNIPER RIFLE ISN'T MADE FOR CLOSE-UP WORK--IF I CAN CLOSE THE DISTANCE TO THE SNIPER'S NEST FAST, I CAN--

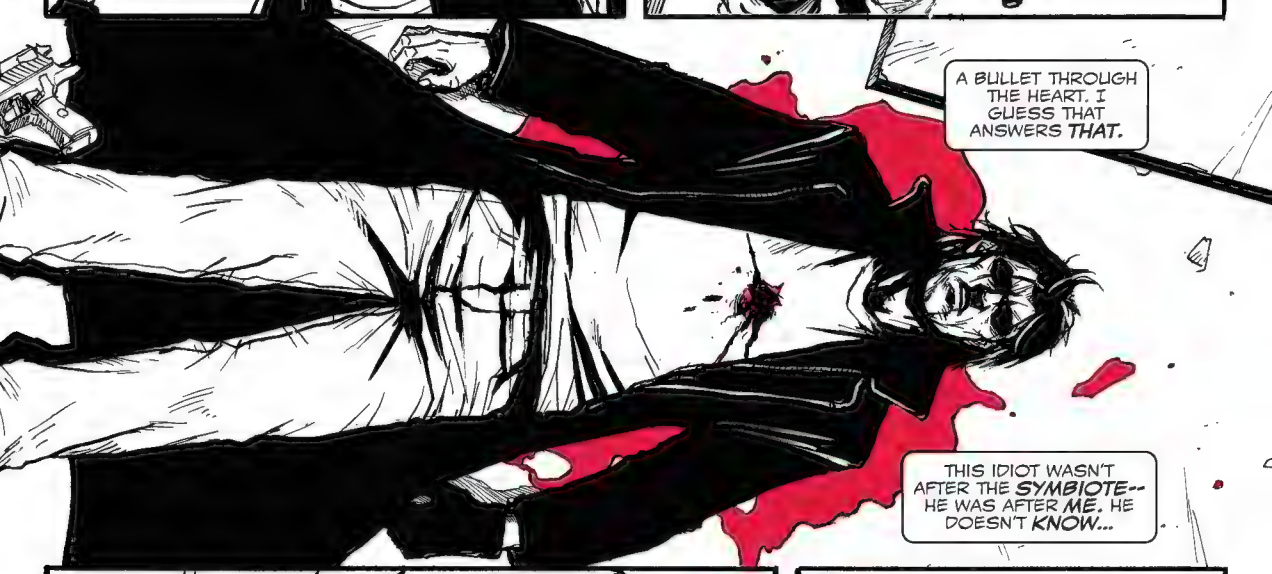

AHHH!
LEE!

LASER SIGHT-- RIGHT IN MY EYES!
DO SOMETHING, YOU STUPID MONSTER-- BEFORE HE--


KRAK

HNNH!
SPLAT

BURN IN HELL, PRICE.
THAT'S FOR MY BROTHER.


A BULLET THROUGH THE HEART. I GUESS THAT ANSWERS THAT.
THIS IDIOT WASN'T AFTER THE SYMBIOTE-- HE WAS AFTER ME. HE DOESN'T KNOW...

...NOT YET.

WHAT THE...?

WANT TO TRY IT AGAIN?
NO--
SMART MAN.
PLIPP
GAAHH--
NOW, YOU...YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY I USED TO KNOW.
YOUR NAME WOULDN'T BE CONSIGLIO, WOULD IT?

Y-YEAH. IT'S ME, YOU FREAK.
IT'S MARTY.
MARTY CONSIGLIO. I'LL BE DAMNED.
TONY CONSIGLIO'S BIG BROTHER--
--TONY BEING MY BEST FRIEND SINCE CHILDHOOD. OR THE ONLY FRIEND I HAD, ANYWAY.
HE PROBABLY WASN'T THAT GOOD OF A FRIEND, ALL TOLD...
...OR I WOULDN'T HAVE MURDERED HIM TO KEEP VENOM AS MY LITTLE SECRET.
WHEN THEY FOUND HIM DEAD, I KNEW IT WAS YOU, YOU EVIL LITTLE BASTARD! I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HE SAW IN YOU!
YOU WERE ALWAYS POISON--FROM THE DAY YOU WERE BORN--
NOT THAT THAT WORKED VERY WELL.
LIKE I SAID...
...TOO MANY PEOPLE KNOW ALREADY.
LEE, NO! DON'T!
HE DIDN'T KILL ANYONE! HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO DIE!
THE SYMBIOTE'S WHINING, OF COURSE. TRYING TO SELL ME ON A HALF MEASURE.

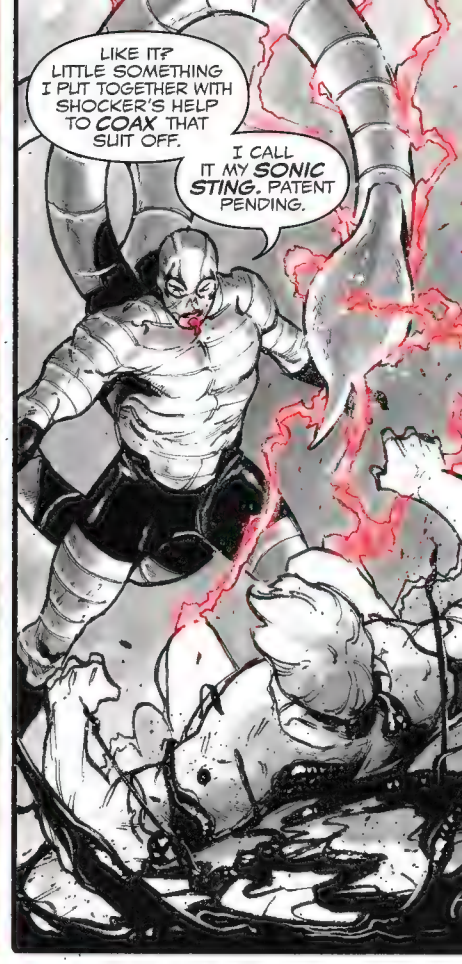
"BLACK, WHITE... AND BLOOD"

WRITER: AL EWING ARTIST: KEI ZAMA
COLOR ARTIST: RACHELLE ROSENBERG
LETTERER: VC'S CLAYTON COWLES

HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU NEED TO HEAR IT, SCORPION?
WE ARE VENOM.
GRAG
OOF!
THE ROOFTOPS OF NYC.
NOT TOO LONG AGO...
NOT YOU.

THAT SUIT IS MINE. BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.
AND I WANT IT BACK!
YOU NEVER DID GET IT, DID YOU, GARGAN?
IT'S NOT A SUIT-- IT'S A LIVING, BREATHING THING.
AND IT ABSOLUTELY HATES YOU!
HNGH!
OH YEAH? WELL, THE FEELING'S MUTUAL.
IS THIS SUPPOSED TO STOP US?
NO.

BUT THIS IS.
AAAARGH!


LIKE IT? LITTLE SOMETHING I PUT TOGETHER WITH SHOCKER'S HELP TO COAX THAT SUIT OFF.
I CALL IT MY SONIC STING. PATENT PENDING.

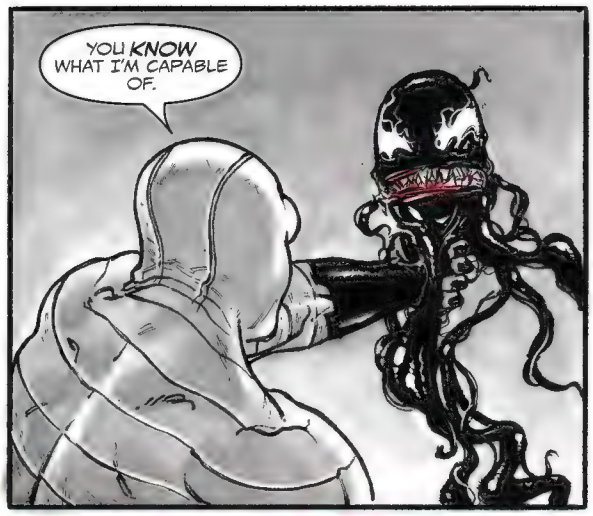
SEE, BROCK, I DON'T CARE THAT IT'S ALIVE.

I DON'T CARE THAT YOU TALK TO IT, LIKE SOME KIND OF NUTJOB.
THAT YOU'RE SO DAMN WEAK, YOU LET IT BOSS YOU AROUND.
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS THE POWER.

THE RUSH I FELT. EVERY CELL IN MY BODY EXPLODING WITH THAT POWER.
LIKE A KING. OR A GOD.
AND I WANT THAT FEELING BACK.

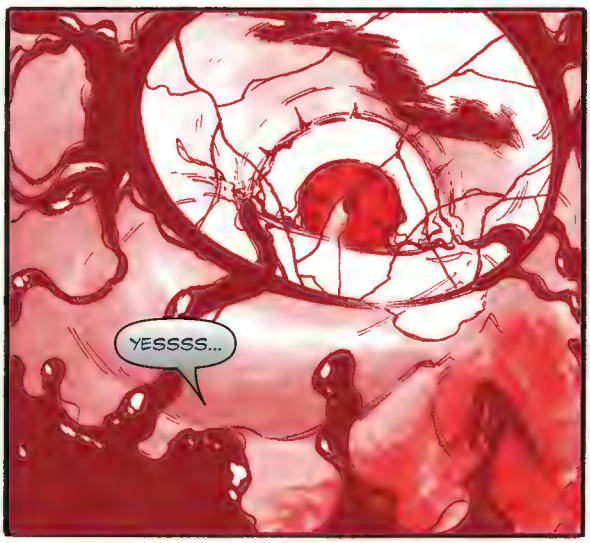
YOU HEAR ME, YOU PILE OF GOO?
COME BACK. OR I CRUSH YOUR LITTLE FAVORITE'S WINDPIPE.
SSSSTOP!
D-DON'T LISTEN TO THIS DIRTBAG. HE DOESN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO--

YOU WANNA TAKE THAT CHANCE, SLUDGY?
YOU'VE BEEN IN MY MIND, RIGHT?


YOU KNOW WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF.

THAT'S RIGHT...

...COME BACK WHERE YOU BELONG.


YESSSS...

...LET'S EAT SOME BRAINS!
WAIT... WHAT DID I JUST SAY?
THAT'S RIGHT, GARGAN. THE ONE THING YOU DID BETTER THAN ANY OF MY OTHER HOSTS.

I NEVER...
IT WAS EASIER TO KEEP IT FROM YOU AND THAT FRAGILE LITTLE THING YOU CALL A MIND.
BUT YOU WANTED IT BACK. SO HERE YOU GO. YOU CAN HAVE IT. ALL.
THE CRUNCH OF BONE, SPLINTERING SO HARD IT CUT THE INSIDE OF OUR LIPS.
THE HARD CRACK OF OUR FANGS PIERCING A SKULL, GIVING WAY TO THE STICKY, WET AND UNCTUOUS BRAIN MATTER UNDERNEATH.
DO YOU REMEMBER, GARGAN?
LITTLE BITS OF THE MOST DELICATE MEAT SLIDING DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR THROAT, LEAVING A TRAIL OF WARM BLOOD, AND A SALTY-SWEET TANG OF IRON THAT WE WOULD SAVOR FOR HOURS.
I-- I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK...
YOU MIGHT NOT MISS IT, GARGAN...BUT I DO.

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET STARTED?

N-NO... YOU MEAN...

GO ON, THEN. HAVE A BITE.

I... I DON'T WANT THIS!

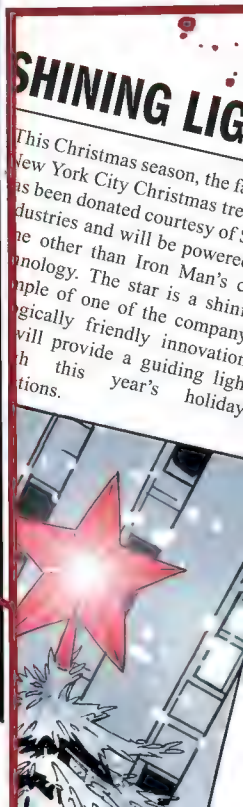
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL TWISTED, GARGAN. ALL OUR TIME TOGETHER, IT WAS NEVER ABOUT WHAT YOU WANTED.

IT WAS ALL ABOUT ME.

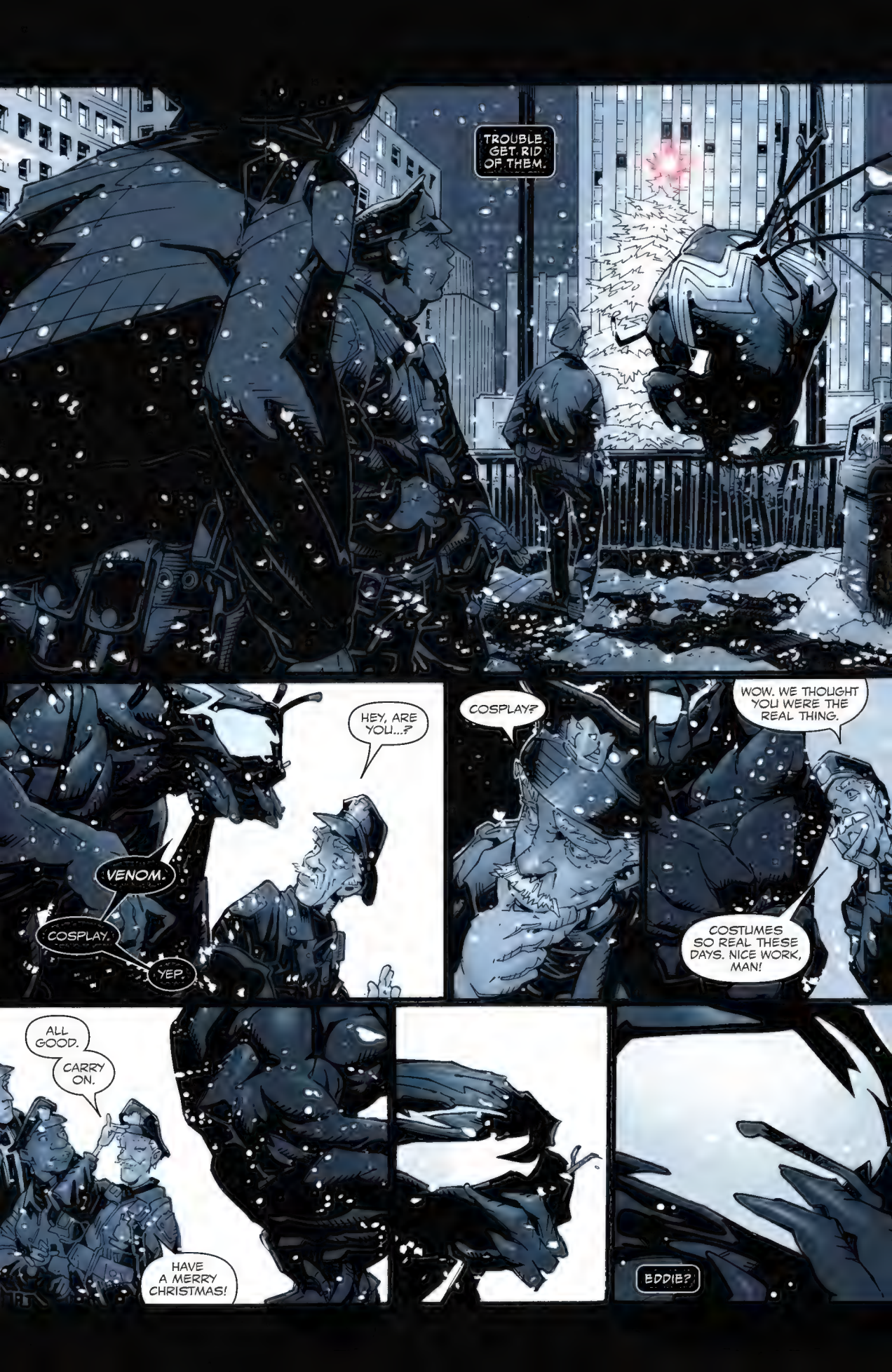
KINDA FUNNY, GARGAN.
I COULD NEVER STOMACH THIS PART MYSELF.
MAYBE YOU'RE THE BETTER MATCH, AFTER ALL.
OR MAYBE NOT.
IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME.
YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU TWO FREAKS CAN HAVE EACH OTHER.

WELL, I GUESS YOU SCARED HIM STRAIGHT.
FOR NOW. I HAVE A FEELING HE'LL BE BACK.
SAME.
IN THE MEANTIME, THOUGH, HOW ABOUT WE GO GRAB A BITE?
BRAINS?
I WAS THINKING TACOS.
DEAL.
"STUCK ON YOU"
WRITER: RICH DOUEK ARTIST: ROBERT GILL
COLOR ARTIST: ANDRES MOSSA
LETTERER: VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
END.

VENOM BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD



WHAT IS THIS, EDDIE?
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?


TROUBLE. GET RID OF THEM.
HEY, ARE YOU...?
VENOM.
COSPLAY.
YEP.
COSPLAY?
WOW. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE REAL THING.
COSTUMES SO REAL THESE DAYS. NICE WORK, MAN!
ALL GOOD.
CARRY ON.
HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
EDDIE?

IT'S REMINDING YOU OF SOMETHING.
A SHINING SPOT IN YOUR DARK CHILDHOOD.
AUNT MARY'S, THE ONE TIME YOU WERE WITH HER AT CHRISTMAS AS A LITTLE BOY.
SHINY.
REALLY NICE TO HAVE YOU FOR CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR, EDDIE.
I KNOW IT'S BEEN TOUGH, BUT I'M SURE THINGS WILL GET BETTER. YOU DID A GREAT JOB PUTTING THE STAR ON THE TREE.
THANK YOU, AUNT MARY.
KLIK
KLIK
AAAIEEE!
THE CHRISTMAS TREE STAR. IT'S GONE!
GET IT BACK!
GRAAAH!

EASY PEASY...
EASY PEASY.
EASY PEASY.
EASY PEASY.
EASY...?
MRRRWW
MRRR
MRRR
MRROW
MRRRROW
MEFFLL
MRRR
MRRR
MRRR
MRROOWWWI
MEOW?

HEY, LADY CAT...
UM, IT'S...
BLACK.
CAT.
HAND IT OVER.
EASY PLEASY.
MRAAA
MRROW
MRRR
MRROWWWOW
MRRR
MRAAAWWWW
MREO
EASY.
PLEASY.
MRRRROOOOWW
?!
MRRRR
MRRRRR
MRRRRR
MRROW
MEEEEER
MRROW
MEEEEER
MRROW
MRRRAR
MEEEEOWWW
MRROWW

CATS.
TOO MANY CATS.
MRAWWW
MRRRRR
GAHHH!
MEOOOOW
MRROWWWOW
MRRRRR
MREO
HAH! MY LUCKY POWERS ARE KICKING IN. CATS LEAVING ME ALONE. NOT SO LUCKY FOR YOU.
SEE YA!
MOOOWWWWRR
MRROW
MRAWWWW
MRRRRR
MRAAAWWWW
GAHH!
MEEEEER
MEEEERRRR
GET HER.
LADY CAT!

WAY TOO MANY CATS.
PLIP
PLIP
PLIP
HAHAHA!
KRNCH
MRAAAW!
MEEEEOW!
MRRRAWWW
?!
MMROOOWWW!
HAHAHA!
MRAAAW!
MRRROWW
MRRROWWW
MMROOOWWW!
MRRRRR
MEEEERRAOOW
MRRRRR
MMROOOWWW!
GAHHHH!
GAHHH!
MROW?

EASY...
THAK
...PEASY.
NOW, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT WE HAVE HERE.
OH, YES. AREN'T YOU A SHINY ONE...?
LADY CAT.
ASKED NICELY.
EASY PLEASY.
NOW. NOT SO NICE.
TRADE.
TRADE YOU.
OWWW.
GAKK!
MRRW.
CAT...
...FOR STAR.
WELL DONE.

CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

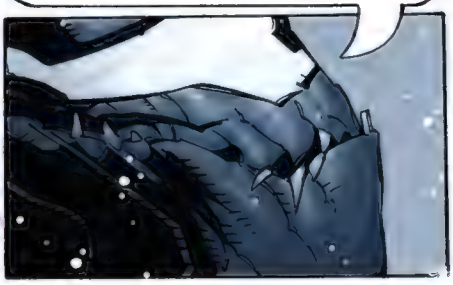
olen and thought to be forever missing
he Stark Industries Christmas tree sta
has, remarkably, been recovered an
returned by a daring young Vene
cosplayer who chose not to share u
identity. The mayor's response u
hearing the good news, "The fine pe
York City never cease to a
and selfless de
is save

FOUND

ys, the Cat, missing for the past three has been returned to the Brand orporation safe and sound. Shannon rling, Will's caretaker, rejoiced. "We're lled to have Will back home safely. a little worse for wear but with a little and care should be back up to very soon. A big thank rson that retur be."

SHINY

BY CHRIS BACHALO
WITH INKS BY JAIME MENDOZA
LETTERS BY VC'S CLAYTON COWLES



#1 VARIANT BY PEACH MOMOKO

#1 VARIANT BY SANFORD.GREENE

#1 MAXIMUM CARNAGE AFTERMATH VARIANT BY MARK BAGLEY & ANDRES MOSSA

#1 VARIANT BY DOALY
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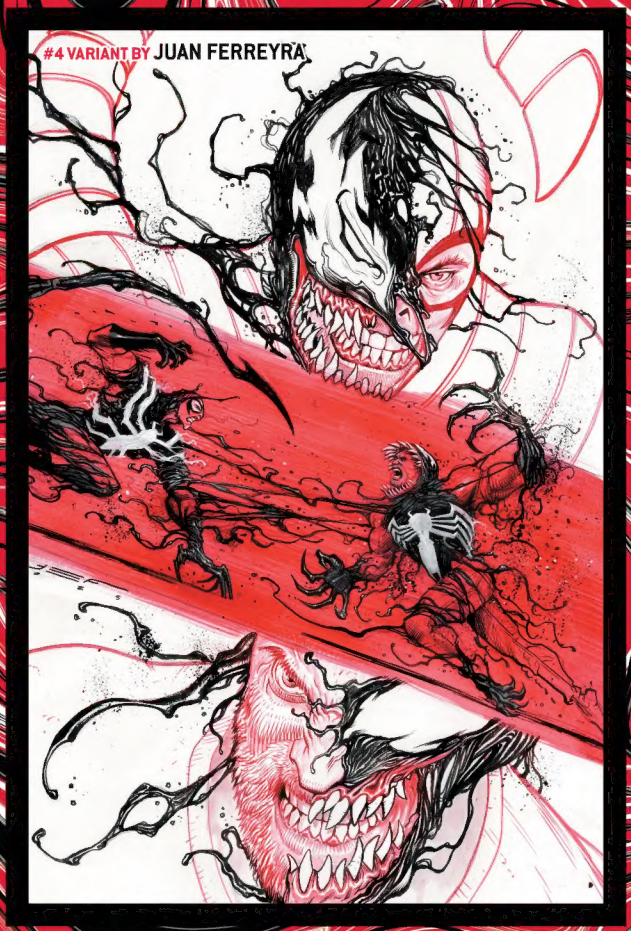
VENOM: BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
2
VARIANT EDITION
APPROVED BY THE THWIP CODE AUTHORITY
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD
VENOM
#2 VARIANT BY ERIK LARSEN

#2 VARIANT BY CARLOS GÓMEZ & JESUS ABURTOV
CARLOS GOMEZ

#3 VARIANT BY TAKASHI OKAZAKI
忍者戦士

#3 VARIANT BY NICK BRADSHAW & RACHELLE ROSENBERG


#4 VARIANT BY JUAN FERREYRA

#4 VARIANT BY GERARDO SANDOVAL & ERICK ARCINIEGA